THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some of the Eminent Irish Writers of the Present Day.

Miss Dora Sigerson, One of the Best Known Irish Poetesses—The Daughter of Dr. George Sigerson.

PART VIII

[For The Citizen.]

Only a couple of years ago, it seems but a few weeks, a poem was widely copoid by our Irish-American and Catholic papers; a poem which bore the strange title of "The Old Violon." The quaint spelling first attracted the reader's attention, but a cursory glance over the poem made it evident that the latter was well worth a more careful perusal. Miss. Dora Sigerson was the writer. "The Old Violon" introduced her to many thousand readers to whom she was unknown before its appearance. Her usage of the French name, and the original one in English, of the instrument, was a novelty and attracted attention; the merit of the poem did the rest.

A volume of "Verses" by Dora Sigerson has lately been published by Elliot Stock, London, (Irish Industries Association, 179 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill., importers) in which "The Old Violon" has a conspicuous place. There are many poems exceedingly graceful in construction and of uncommon interest in the volume. The gifted young writer has inherited a strong love of country from her father, evidently, as many of the poems have a decided national impress. She revels in imitations of the old Gaelic poets and her taste in that direction is evident in many of the poems which are not built on Irish themes. There is a strong resemblance between her work and that of her father, especially in "Little White Rose" and "The Fairies." They are thoroughly Irish in their character and possess a singing rhythm.

Miss Sigerson can outline a pretty picture in her poems and call up the reader's imagination until the scene is as vivid before him, as though he were surrounded by the beautiful reality. One of the first numbers in her "Verses" is "Spring Song—To Ireland."

Weep no more, heart of my heart, no more!
The night has passed and the dawn is here,
The cuckoo calls from the budding trees,
And tells us that spring is near.

Sorrow no more, beloved, no more,
For see, sweet emblem of hope untold!
The tears that soft on the shamrocks fall,
There turn to blossoms of gold.

Winter has gone with its blighting breath,
No more to chill thee with cold or fear,
The brook laughs loud in its liberty,
Green buds on the hedge appear.

Weep no more, life of my heart, no more!
The birds are carolling sweet and clear;
The warmth of Summer is in the breeze,
And the Spring—the Spring is here.

What a pretty idea is in the lines of the second verse, where she idealizes the shamrock blossoms! There is a lightness and brightness about the entire poem that is suggestive of Spring, save in these two lines. Here the Irish nature of the writer is betrayed, for where is the Irish poet who can write a joyous poem without a tear in it? Our great national poet never wrote a truer thing than—

"So oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still."

Miss Sigerson seems to have a very strong partiality towards roses, for in the volume we find fully a half dozen poems to or about that flower; nevertheless there is none too many, for every one is beautifully written and their fragrance fills the book with true poetic perfume. It is almost impossible to select the best, but one picked at random, "Love in My Arms Lies Sleeping," will suffice:

Roses red for the fair young head to weave a crown,
Let them be half blown,
For a rose in June it will fade too soon to gold and brown.
For thee my own
The fairest blossoms in all love's land, for that small hot hand,
And a bird to sing all the sweet day through,
Lest fear should wake in the heart of you,
And I hear my own heart's beating;
Wild roses red for the fair gold head,
Love in my arms lies sleeping.

Lilies fair for the wind blown hair,
It were better so
Than a blossom dead
And a rose's thorn; but the fresh glad morn brings breath of snow.
Hath summer fled?
Hath Winter come when I dreamt it spring?
Is my sweet bird dead that he does not sing?
I hear but my heart's sad weeping.
Loose and cold is thy soft hands' hold;
Love in my arms lies sleeping.

To the unworked and inexhaustible mines of Irish history, legendary lore and mythology, Miss Sigerson has gone for materials for her themes. Her legend of the "Fate of the Sons of Uisneach," though not as well finished a piece of work as Dr. Todhunter's "Children of Lir," is more readable and more interesting in its incidents. It is one of the best legendary poems, based on an Irish subject, that has ever been written by a woman, and we have many talented writers among the Irish female poets.

An exceedingly vivid picture is drawn by Miss Sigerson in her "Flight of the Wild Geese." It is an incident of the "Penal Days" when hosts of gallant men left their homes and kindred to fight under the banner of France; to fight for a king whom they knew not and a cause that was not theirs. In the century following the Treaty of Limerick it was computed that over 400,000 Irish soldiers found bloody graves in foreign countries, because the horrible laws enacted by England would not allow them to live in peace at home. These gallant exiles were called "The Wild Geese," and so numerous were the hosts that crossed over to France, that England was compelled to make a law forbidding their emigration. Miss Sigerson's poem depicts a party of the "Wild Geese" taking leave of kindred and country and escaping to France despite England's law:

Wrapped in the darkness of the night,
Gathering in silence on the shore,
Wild geese flown from hiding on the hills,
(Hark! the wolf-hound: thrice he howled before),
Wild geese with forest leaves tangled in their hair.
Is that blood on the heaving breasts of some,
Or dull red clay from fox deserted lair?
Why thus so stealthily do they come?
Wild geese, women's arms round you in the darkness;
Women's hearts forbid to cry though they break;
Little children must not sob in their kissing;
'Brother, forever? O hush thee, for God's sake!"
Wild geese with fierce eyes, deathless hope in your hearts,
Stretching your strong white wings eager for your flight.
These women's eyes will watch your swift returning.
(Thrice the banshee cried in the stormy night.)
Flinging the salt from their wings, and despair from their hearts,
They arise on the breast of the storm with a cry and are gone.
When will you come home, wild geese, with your thousand strong?
(The wolf-dog lond in the silence of night howls on).
Not the fierce wind can stay your return or tumultuous sea.
Nor the freedom France gives to your feet on her luxuriant shore.
No smiles for your love like the tears of your sorrowing land,
Only Death in his reaping could make you return no more.
White birds, white birds, I dream of that glad home-coming;
Though human eyes could not mark your silent flight,
Women lie face down with clenched hands in the sea.
(Thrice the banshee cries in the stormy night.)

What a dark, terrible picture the writer paints in that poem! The wounded men, hunted like beasts, stealing down from their hiding places in the mountains to the sea shore, there to silently tear themselves loose from the loving clasp of their wives' and sisters' embraces; bestowing a silent kiss on their terrified children they leave all and everything they hold dear, to escape the rigors of the infernal penal laws. How many of those exiled patriots treasured such a picture in their hearts, no man can say; but it was such scenes as this that supplied the fuel for the flames of vengeance that burned within their breasts and which found such fearful vent later on at Neerwinden and Fontenoy. Such scenes are still in Ireland's memory and will live there forever.

A brighter little poem is "Cean Duv Deelish" (Dear Black Head). It is an imitation of Gaelic verse, but the idea is original. Samuel Ferguson gives a translation of a fragment of a Gaelic song of the same title, but to my mind Miss Sigerson's poem is the better one; it is more complete and even more graceful.

Cean duv deelish, beside the sea
I stand and stretch my hands to thee
Across the world.
The riderless horses race to shore
With thundering hoofs and shuddering, hoar,
Blown manes uncurled.

Cean duv deelish, I cry to thee
Beyond the world, beneath the sea,
Thou being dead.
Where hast thou hidden from the beat
Of crushing hoofs and tearing feet
Thy dear black head?

Cean duv deelish, 'tis hard to pray
With breaking heart from day to day,
And no reply;
When the passionate challenge of sky is cast
In the teeth of the sea and an angry blast
Goes by.

God bless the woman, whoever she be,
From the tossing waves will recover thee,
And lashing wind.
Who will take thee out of the wind and storm,
Dry thy wet face on her bosom warm,
And lips so kind?

I not to know. It is hard to pray,
But I shall for this woman from day to day,
Comfort my dead,
The sport of the winds and the play of the sea.
I loved thee too well for this thing to be,
O dear black head!

Miss Dora Sigerson is one of the best known of our young Irish poetesses. She is a daughter of Dr. George Sigerson, the eminent Celtic scholar and translator, and was born in Dublin. She has contributed to most of the leading Irish papers on both sides of the Atlantic, and her writings have become so popular that they are more widely copied by the weeklies of this country than those of any other Irish poetess with the exception of Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson. "Verses" is a charming book of poems, every one of which is beautiful. It is well gotten up, neatly bound and should be given a place of honor in every home library. M. J. MURPHY.

MAJOR PETER KIOLBASSA.

Peter Kiolbassa was born in the village of Schwieben, in Upper Silesia, Prussia, Oct. 13, 1838. He emigrated to the United States with his parents in 1854. His school education, begun in his native village, was concluded in the common school at San Antonio, Texas. In the beginning of our civil war, he came north, and in 1852 enlisted in the Chicago Dragoons, afterwards the Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry Volunteers. From a private he was promoted to corporal, sergeant, first sergeant, lieutenant, and in November, 1864, was made captain in the Sixth U. S. Cavalry. He was mustered out of the service April 15, 1866. Returning to Chicago he was married, and has lived here ever since. In 1867 he was appointed desk sergeant on the police force, and in 1868 was made assistant to the secretary of the Board of Police, resigning in 1870. He was appointed in 1872 secretary to Elmer Washburne, chief of police, and resigned the next year, being made deputy sheriff under Sheriff Timothy Bradley, and in the fall of 1873 resigned this position and was appointed enrolling clerk of the Marine Department, Custom House, Chicago, by N. B. Judd, then collector of the port. He was elected to the State legislature in 1877, representing the 5th District as a Republican, securing a majority of 1,200 votes in a Democratic district. In the spring of 1892 he was elected city treasurer by 4,417 plurality, and stands as the first city treasurer of Chicago that kept his pledge in paying the interest to the city on public funds.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Geasa agus Buadha Riogh Eirian.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Atait urgharta ana
do righ Uladh imdhana!
echrais ille Ratha Line
ifir ocalbh Araidhe;

Eitseacht leiamain engiall
Lindi Sailleach dia fuin grian;
coiadh feisi for fasil talaind
Daire mic Daire dond-ghairbh;

Teacht mis Marta a Magh Chobha
do righ Uladh ni h-adha;
uisci Bo d'ol—doraidh de,
Neimhidh itir da doirche.

Ata sund, sloindtear co teand
do chuic righaibh na h-Eireand,
im righ Teamhra tucht ita
a n-adha 'sa n-urgharta.

Ni dligh cuairt cuicidh co teand
na ollamhnacht na h-Eireand
cacha siri suaill nach
an fill lais nach fagbaigthear.

Mad fearr libh re linibh la
deanadh uili aen timna,
deanaidh deseare ar Dia n-dil
is leor d'adhaibh cach aen fhir.
A fhir.

(Translation.)

The Restrictions and Prerogatives of the Kings of Eire.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

There are noble prohibitions
To the bold king of Uladh:
The horse-race of Rath-Line(1), also,
Among the youths of Araidhe(2);

To listen to the fluttering of the flocks of birds
Of Linn Sailleach(3) after set of sun:
To celebraid the feast of the flesh of the bull
Of Daire-mic-Daire(3), the brown and rough;

To go in the month of March to Magh Gobha
To the king of Uladh is not lucky;
To drink of the water, whence strife ensues,
Of Bo Neimhidh(3) between two darknesses.

Here are, let them be proclaimed boldly,
To the five kings of Eire,
With the king of Teamhair, through all time,
Their prerogatives and prohibitions.

He is not entitled boldly to make the visitation of a province,
Nor to the ollamh-ship of Eire,
Nor to what he asks, be it ever so trifling,
The poet to whom they are unknown.

If ye wish for a life of many days,
Make ye all one will,
Hold charity for the sake of the good God,
Which is prerogative sufficient for every man.

O man, etc.(4)

1. *Rath Line*—This rath, which was otherwise called Rath mor Ma'goe Line, is still in existence in the plain of Magh Line (Moylinny), Lower Massareene, Antrim. See it referred to in the Annals of the Four Masters, at the year 660, and in the Annals of Connacht, at 1315.

2. *Araidhe*, i.e. of Dal Araidhe, a large region in the east of Ulster, extending from Newry, in the south of the county of Down, to Sliabh Mis (Slemmish), in the barony of Lower Antrim, county of Antrim. Magh Line, above described, is a portion of Dal Araidhe. It extended from Lough Neach to near Carrickfergus.

3. *Linn Sailleach*, *Daire-mic-Daire*, *Uisce Bo Neimhidh*—Unidentified.

4. *O man (A fhir)*—In the old Irish books a part of the first line is usually repeated at the end of every separate poem. One reason evidently is to prevent mistakes, as the vellum manuscripts are so closely written that it would not be always easy to distinguish the end of one poem from the beginning of another without some notice of this kind.

Effects of a Cold.

"About six months ago I had a very bad cold, which caused me much pain, especially in my back. I became so weak that I was not able to do my work. My husband got me three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and one box of Hood's Pills, and after taking them I felt strong."—Mrs. W. L. Labelle, Box 111, Roseland, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

GROUARD, THE SCOUT.

Mr. Joe DeBarthe, a Distinguished Journalist, Has Written the Life and Adventures of Crook's Favorite Guide.

Thrilling Narratives of Miraculous Escapes From the Hands of Ruthless Savages.

Mr. Joe DeBarthe, a distinguished and enterprising journalist, residing at St. Joseph, Mo., has now in press, and will issue about Nov. 15, "The Life and Adventures of Frank Grouard." The name of Gen. Crook's celebrated chief of scouts suggests all kinds of heart-stirring scenes and incidents of Indian campaigning, and, from the extracts we have seen, we think Mr. DeBarthe has succeeded in compiling one of the most interesting Indian books that has ever been given to the public. THE CITIZEN will give a more extended notice of the book when it comes upon the market, and, in lieu of more extended present notice, we give at random a few selections from the earlier chapters of the work. The following description of Grouard's escape from the murderous Blackfeet Indians rivals anything in romance:

"The savages partly pushed and partly pulled him off his horse, and stripped him of every vestige of clothing. Then they pointed in the direction he had come and told him to go. Emboldened by the fact that they were not going to take his life, Grouard asked them to give him one of the blankets they had taken from him. For an answer they mounted their horses, drew their quirts and lashed their defenseless victim until his body was filled with gaping gashes, from which the blood flowed in streams. Realizing that his only chance of escape lay in flight, Grouard struck out across the sandy plain, the Indians following for over two hundred yards, raining blow after blow upon his bleeding head and body.

"Darkness was settling over the earth. The sun had sunk behind the western hills about the time the Indians captured Grouard. The night was warm, and scarcely a breath of air was stirring. It was nearly seventy miles by the nearest known route from Judith Springs to Fort Hall.

The country was covered with patches of cactus and prickly pears. Into these the fleeing man rushed, lost to all sense of pain in the haunting fear of death. His imagination peopled the semi-darkness with pursuing savages on horseback. He had no hope but the present chance of escape.

On he sped, and on, covering mile after mile of the distance he must travel to find safety at the fort. He realized nothing but fear of pursuit, and that fear lent wings to his feet.

If, during that awful flight he stopped for breath, he does not remember it. He had tasted no food since the previous morning, yet he knew not a pang of hunger. No liquid had passed his lips since the preceding noon, but he would not have slackened his pace to slake his thirst if the purest of springs had invited him.

Onward into the cruel cacti, over the prickly pear vines, fled Grouard, the phantom horsemen, lashing their steeds into a foam in a vain endeavor to overtake him.

Suddenly he stops.

Like a flash through the heavens, the black veil of night had been lifted.

He could not tell at first whether he were waking from a horrid dream or had lost his reason.

One hundred yards ahead of him stood Fort Hall, and as he gazed the heavy gates swung open and a man appeared.

"In that single moment," says Grouard, "I realized all."

At his side flowed the river; behind him were the familiar cottonwoods and willow groves. A trembling sensation seized upon the muscles of his body. His brain was in a whirl; it was getting dark again. He raised his arms high above his head and tried to shout.

He knew no more.

Four days later Grouard opened his eyes. The first face he recognized was that of "Liver Eating Johnson." His condition was pitiful. His body was covered with festering sores, and his feet were swollen twice their natural size. His limbs were so stiff and heavy that he could not raise them, and he had not the power to utter an audible sound.

For three long months he lay upon his bed of furs, suffering the tortures of hell itself. "Liver Eating Johnson" nursed him with all the care and solicitude of a mother. The needles from the cacti which had entered his flesh as he had rushed through them to escape the Blackfeet, worked their way out of his limbs through the festering sores, some of them appearing at the surface of the flesh as high up as the knees.

And here is another thrilling passage:

"These circumstances, although unknown to Grouard at the time he found himself face to face with Sitting Bull in the latter's lodge, could not have heightened the captive's terror one iota. He had heard enough of Sitting Bull to know that he was the unrelenting foe of the white race. The reputation of the wily savage for cruelty was the theme at every camp-fire. No wonder, then, that Grouard expected nothing but a lingering death by torture at the stake.

Great was his surprise, therefore, when Sitting Bull motioned him to lie down upon a pile of buffalo robes at one side of the lodge, an invitation Grouard was not loath to accept. The glowing fire, the warmth within the lodge, and the soft, warm robes—these influences added to the exhaustion of bodily and mental forces—broke the charm that had driven sleep from his excited brain, and his senses were almost instantly steeped in forgetfulness.

While he slept his fate was settled. At the council which was called that night, Sitting Bull's voice was the only one raised in behalf of the unconscious captive. While in his dreams Grouard was again passing through all the agonies that had come to him since his capture, and speculating upon the terrible ordeal that awaited him, this man, this savage, he whom civilization denied every generous impulse, feeling of pity, quality of mercy, was disputing with the mighty counselors of the Sioux nation over the disposition to be made of this pale-faced stranger.

For some reason that will never be known, Sitting Bull had formed a sudden attachment for Grouard, and later developments prove, though the Sioux chief gave no earnest of his intention to any one, that he had determined not only to spare his captive's life, but to throw his protecting influence around him forever after. So it happened, when the council, headed by Gall and No-Neck (both aged and beloved warriors), decided on the death of Grouard, that Sitting Bull at once arose and said:

"The coups of Sitting Bull are like the stars, shining and almost numberless. I look; I act; I talk afterwards. That which I will, is so. The captive in the Sioux lodge is resting on the robes that Sitting Bull has taken with his own hand from the buffalo, and it is my will that the captive shall not die. Little Assiniboine was taken from his people, it was Sitting Bull who bore him to his lodge and made him his brother. So with the pale-face within the lodge of Sitting Bull this night. He is Standing Bear, the brother of Sitting Bull. My will is spoken."

The Indian's idea of the future state is, to the average mind, a very confusing one. He believes implicitly in the Happy Hunting Grounds, but he does not seem to have any idea of any set order of things there. He believes that the souls of those who enter that place appear there as they appeared here; that the young never grow old, that the aged never grow young. And yet, all are happy. He does not try to reason out the decrepit old man or woman, bent with age and suffering with disease, can be happy at any time or in any place. Tradition has taught him that they are happy, and this is enough to satisfy him of its truth. He has a confused idea of a trip from this earthly home to the Happy Hunting Grounds, but does not seem to care to know how long the trip lasts, or whether he goes on horseback or on foot. He merely believes that when the breath leaves his body his soul at once starts for the Indian heaven and arrives there in some manner and at some time. He has been appealed to by several Christian denominations to throw aside this "unsatisfactory belief" for the more substantial doctrines of a higher faith, and in some instances has accepted the religion of the white man; but in nearly all cases, when sickness or misfortune comes upon him and he would seek consolation from a higher power than man's, he forsakes his new faith for the old. His reliance upon the Great Spirit of his fathers is thus shown to be perfect. So, as we have remarked elsewhere, civilization may have done something for the red man, but, in the light of all the facts, not much."

A Temple of Health

Where vigor, good digestion, appetite and sound repose minister to physical comfort, is the bodily structure which, however much its foundations have been sapped by ill health, has been restored—rebuilt, as it were—by the great renovating tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Nothing infuses strength into a debilitated frame like this saving medicine, which, in the vigor and regularity it imparts to the system, endows it with the surest defense against disease, and the best guaranty of a long life and hale old age. Worn out men of business, tired mechanics, overworked mill hands, miners broken down by hardship and exposure to malaria, mariners and tourists all declare that it is the best safeguard against the influences of fatigue, bodily or mental, and of climate and temperature. Incomparable for billious, rheumatic, kidney and nervous troubles.

PRELATICAL JOKES.

At the annual banquet of the Father Mathew societies, held last week at Philadelphia, most of the archbishops, who were then in council in that city, were present. It was a most enjoyable occasion and much mirth, notwithstanding that it was a temperance banquet, prevailed, and many keen witticisms were exchanged among the eminent guests at each other's expense.

In introducing Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, as toastmaster, said that "as temperance was a cardinal virtue it was appropriate that a cardinal should respond to this toast, and that as such his Eminence was the best representative of the Pope present."

Cardinal Gibbons said he could not deny himself the honor of responding to the toast. It was not the first time he had the honor of meeting the Philadelphia temperance men, and it had always been an occasion of great joy and gratification.

Of Archbishop Ireland he said: "He is not satisfied with being a total abstinence man himself. I remember on one occasion when I visited him he forgot I was profiting by St. Paul's advice to Timothy, 'Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake' and he offered me Mississippi water, with an intimation that if I wanted anything stronger he would give me Minnesota milk. Your own archbishop ought to be one of the most absteminous of men, as he told me that once as a boy he took the pledge sixteen times in one day. I don't say that he broke it that often, but really I can't see the occasion of taking it that number of times if he didn't. He told me this, and then he blushed to the roots of his hair—a blush which still remains despite his advancing years."

Archbishop Ryan, before introducing the next speaker, referred to his pledges taken as an altar boy of Father Mathew's, and said that his greatness was the greatness of goodness. Retorting on Cardinal Gibbons, he said that he "blushed not only to the roots of his hair, but from the crown of his head and all over." This reference to the Cardinal's robes was much enjoyed.

A little wit, like a little wine, is good for everybody.—*Syracuse Catholic Sun.*

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The dramatic season at the Schiller progresses with most gratifying success. This handsome house has won a prestige among the playgoers of Chicago and the West, which now places it in the very front rank of the favorite and leading theatres in the United States. Mr. Felix Morris concludes his popular engagement with the present week.

Next week Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew with their talented dramatic company, will commence an engagement at the Schiller in a repertory of their celebrated characterizations, the principal event of the engagement being the production of their latest great dramatic success "Charlotte Corday." In consequence of the elaborate preparation necessary for the production of this intensely powerful play, the Potter-Bellew company will first appear in Dumas' three-act comedy "Francillon" on Monday and Tuesday evenings, "Charlotte Corday" being produced on Wednesday evening. The drama will be placed upon the Schiller stage, splendidly mounted and with superb scenic illustration. The company sustaining Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew is one of the most admirably selected and balanced organizations ever brought to Chicago.

Commencing Nov. 18, the popular actor Mr. Robert Mantell, supported by his own company, will play an engagement at the Schiller in a repertory of plays including "Monbars," "The Corsican Brothers," and a new play which has recently been added to his list of attractions.

Death of an Octogenarian.

On Tuesday fortnight, at Ballylusky, near Mullinavat, John Doherty, aged 89 years, died suddenly. Deceased was a mason by trade, and worked up to his last day with his usual vigor and assiduity. He enjoyed remarkable good health throughout his long life, and was a sober and temperate man. He was a native of Tullogher parish, but for many years past resided at Mullinavat or in its neighborhood. He was employed by Mr. Sheehy at the time of his death. He passed away quietly while he slept, and when the morning dawned it was found that he was dead. Dr. Dennis Walsh, Coroner, Graiguenamanagh, did not consider an inquest necessary.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

HORROR AT SEATTLE.

SEVENTEEN LIVES LOST DURING A HOTEL FIRE.

One Whole Family Found Dead in Their Room—The Fate of a Wife and Husband—Scenes That Make the Blood Run Cold—Names of the Known Victims.

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 29.—Seventeen persons—ten men, four women, and three children—were burned to death in the West Street hotel fire. Thirteen bodies have been identified. They are: Mrs. Otterman, of California, aged 60; Andrew Otterman, her son, aged 18; Mrs. J. W. Huffman, wife of a well known farmer of Fall City, Wash.; Mrs. J. H. Hancock, of Rolfe, Ia., and her three children, two girls aged 6 and 8 years, respectively, and a boy aged 4; John F. Anderson, aged 28; F. Ballman; C. Grahn, a laborer; Angus McDonald; C. Wilson; M. McSorley. The bodies of three men and one woman are unidentified. All are so badly burned that recognition is almost impossible.

Building a Mere Shell of Wood.

The West Street hotel occupied the upper floor of a two-story corrugated iron building that covers a quarter of a block of ground at Columbia and West streets, one block from the Northern Pacific station and near the business center of the city. The building was a mere shell of wood covered with iron. There were several exhits to the street, but they were narrow. The halls were narrow and the rooms small. Wholesale business houses occupied the first floor. The fire was undoubtedly caused by the explosion of a lamp in the kitchen. The proprietor's son was aroused by the noise of the explosion about 1 o'clock, but before he could investigate the flames had spread all through the house. The corrugated iron sheeting kept the flames hid until nearly the whole interior was a furnace. The thin partitions were of resinous pine covered with cheesecloth and burned furiously.

Horrible Scenes Inside the House.

A number of people were rescued from the windows by the firemen, and when the fire was under control the lookers-on thought everybody was safe. But on entering the building the firemen found that this was a terrible mistake. The building was a dead-house. Corpses were everywhere, and in a short time fifteen were found. Most of the bodies were left where they lay until daylight in the hope that the proprietor might identify them by locating the room on the register, for every body except two was charred beyond possible recognition. One poor fellow was caught in the rush of the conflagration near the top of the West street stairway and sank down overcome with smoke and flames. The firemen fought to keep the fire away from his body, but were driven back.

Scene of the Sights Witnessed.

In one of the hallways a body, charred blackened and without a vestige of clothing was found. A little farther on in the same passage way was another body, evidently that of a woman, face upwards and hand stretched as if fighting for her life and appealing for assistance which never came. There was little left of the woman's form, for parts of the body was charred and the burned bones lay around it. In another hall or passage way was a body. It was evidently that of an aged woman. Her body was fearfully contorted and her face was upward and the form presented was of one who had died in the most violent agony.

The Saddest Sights of All.

The saddest sight of all was found in an inside room off the passageway which led to West street. There calmly lying in a charred and blackened bed was evidently an entire family. The father lay on one side, the wife next to him, and a little burned and blackened arm, the flesh falling in shreds from it, the small fingers clutched, showed that a little child was among the victims. In an adjoining room was a still more horrible sight. In a corner of a small room two charred and naked skeletons met the gaze of tookers. The clothing was burned from each and the first, that of a man with blackened stumps of arms, seemed to be fighting an impending danger. Immediately beyond him, sitting upright and clutching her waist, was the skeleton of a woman.

No Chance for the Victims.

It would require columns to graphically describe what the firemen saw that told of agonizing death. The arrangement of the halls of the hotel made such a labyrinth that in the day time one unfamiliar with the place would have had difficulty in finding his way about without several attempts, and as the halls were filled with smoke there was little chance for any of them to make their way out before suffocating. Some of the lodgers were asleep and were overtaken in bed, while others rushed into the halls and were suffocated and burned.

CONFLAGRATION AT EAST ST. LOUIS.

Two Freight Houses and Contents With 200 Loaded Freight Cars Burned.

EAST ST. LOUIS, Ills., Oct. 29.—The East St. Louis freight depot of the St. Louis Transfer company caught fire from some as yet unknown cause last night and was almost totally destroyed with its contents. As the fire department thought the flames under control, the fire about 1 a. m. took a new shoot, attacking an adjoining warehouse of similar dimensions filled with a large quantity of miscellaneous freight. This was also destroyed, together with a sufficient number of loaded freight cars to swell the total of these to 200. By this new sweep of the flames the loss was increased to fully $500,000.

Horse and Fat Stock Show.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—After careful consideration the state board of agricultnre has decided to this year combine with the annual American fat stock and poultry show in Chicago a horse show. These united, useful and attractive exhibits will be inaugurated at Tattersall's and the new building adjoining on the corner of State and Sixteenth streets Thursday, Nov. 22, and continued until Dec. 1 inclusive.

"State" Democracy Ratifies.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—A meeting of the New York state Democracy was held at Cooper Union last night to ratify the regular Democratic state and the municipal ticket put forth by the committee of seventy. There was a good crowd present, but the hall was not packed. Several speeches were made and a letter of congratulation from Senator Hill on their endorsement of the state ticket was read.

WHIPPED THEM AGAIN.

Japan Gains Another Victory Over the Chinese.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—The Japanese legation has received a dispatch giving news of the second victory of the Japanese army under Marshal Yamagata. The telegram is dated Hiroshima and reads as follows: "Before dawn of Oct. 26 our army under Marshal Yamagata attacked Kin-Len-Cheng, one of the important strongholds upon the Chinese frontier. The place was defended by 16,000 troops under Generals Lin and Song. They fled after offering only a slight resistance, and the Japanese forces took possession of the fortifications and the city. They captured thirty large field guns, an immense quantity of rice, food of other kinds, etc., and more than 300 tents. The Japanese loss was twenty killed and eigaty-three wounded. The Chinese lost more than 200 kill. The exact number of their wounded is not known."

The Japanese legation has received its first mail of Japanese newspapers since the battles of Yalu and Ping Yang and they are filled with the details of the engagements, lists of killed and wounded, accounts of heroism and other evidence of war. The bad tactical methods of the Chinese soldiers excites the derision of the Japanese. The latter point out that the Chinese erect breastworks and then sit quietly within them, without throwing out skirmishers to harass the enemy. The Chinese soldiers also raise a number of banners just as they fire a volley, so that the Japanese troops always know when a shower of lead is impending. The Chinese also exhaust their cartridges in the magazine guns as fast as they can fire them, making a hail of bullets and then a long calm. The rifles captured from the Chinese show rust of long standing and other careless treatment.

The Japanese press goes to extremes in its demands for indemnity from China. One of the papers says China must pay Japan ten times the cost of the war, and must agree to let Japanese troops be stationed throughout China hereafter. A Tokio paper states that prior to a Chinese naval inspection by Li Hung Chang the men manufactured cannon balls out of clay, painted them black and passed inspection with this bogus equipment.

The members of the Japanese house of peers have sent 500,000 cigarettes to the Japanese soldiers. The leading ten merchant of Japan has presented the war office with 1,000 chests of tea. Count Oyama, war minister, has issued a proclamation urging troops to show every kindness to Chinese wounded, adding that they "should not be more anxious to display carnage than charity."

COOK GANG CAUGHT.

Seven of the Bandits Said to Have Been Run to Earth.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 30.—A special to The Republic from Fort Gibson, I. T., says: Deputy Marshal Boudin and posse have come in with two prisoners supposed to belong to the Cook gang. One of them gives his name as Jim Price and has been identified as the man who jumped his bond at Paris, Tex., eight months ago. He was on bond for stealing horses and disappeared a few days before his trial. The other says that his name is Lon Perry, but it is believed from the description given that he is really Perry Brown and one of the Cook gang.

Marshal Boudin and his men had been after him for two days and located him in the mountains eight or ten miles north of this place, and shortly after dark captured him after a fight. He insists that he is not the man wanted, but the officers said that they have good evidence against him and proceeded with him to Fort Smith. John Beck, deputy United States marshal, wired the authorities at Muskogee that five of the Cook gang were arrested near Sapulpa and that the officers were in pursuit of the others.

Deputy Dobson, who brought the news to this point, when asked about the authenticity of the telegram, said that Beck was one of the most reliable men on the force, and that there was no doubt that the report was true. Only two of the parties were known. Cook and French, the two leaders, were not among them. A report has reached here that there has been a fight between the officers and the Cook gang near Wagoner, and that four bandits had been caught. It was a mistake, and was caused by the arrest of six men who were supposed to be harboring the bandits.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AT HOME.

He Takes Up His Residence at the White House Once More.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—President Cleveland returned to the city last night via the Pennsylvania railroad after an absence of about eight weeks, most of which was spent at Gray Gables. The president was accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland, the two children, their nurses and Secretary Lamont, who joined the party at Baltimore on his way home from McGrawville, N. Y. Private Secretary Thurber was at the station to meet the president's family.

The president's carriage was driven to the side entrance of the station, and he entered from that place. There was but a small crowd on hand, as the time of the president's arrival was not generally known. To one of the White House attaches who saw him when he arrived the president said he had enjoyed his vacation and was feeling very well, and his appearance bore testimony to that effect.

Suicide of a Scientist.

GUADALAJARA, Mex., Oct. 29.—Dr. Audley C. Buller, an eminent English scientist and for some time a resident of the state of Jalisco, who owned a fine hacienda known as Las Penas, has committed suicide. He was wealthy, and no cause is known for the act. He was a brother of Major General, the Hon. Sir Redvers H. Butler, V. C., K. C. B., adjutant general of the British army.

Action of Cotton Manufacturers.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Oct. 27.—The cotton Manufacturers' association of this city, after a long session, issued an ultimatum to the strikers, in which by a unanimous vote it was resolved to make no concessions whatever to the weavers and to henceforth refuse their representatives an audience.

Crisis Impending in Spain.

MADRID, Oct. 29.—A ministerial crisis is impending. There is a great deal of dissension in the cabinet arising from a variety of causes, and it is probable that there will be an outbreak at the meeting of the council, which may result in a dissolution of the ministry.

DYNAMITE OUTRAGE.

MISCREANTS BLOW UP MEN IN THEIR SLEEP.

With the Object of Killing Every One and Robbing Their Corpses—Result: Three Men Dead and Eight Dangerously Wounded—No Clue to the Fiends.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Oct. 29.—A large Hungarian boarding house at Laurel Run, this county, was blown to atoms by dynamite at 3 o'clock in the morning and three of the inmates killed outright, four fatally injured and a half dozen seriously hurt. The killed are: Frank Nowaski, single; Michael Calletz, married; George Selocky, married. The most dangerously injured are: Joseph Calletz, back broken; Mike Loshitz, head and face cut and arm broken; Kasha Cataresk, aged 19, one leg broken, other crushed, necessitating amputation; Michael Urits, abdomen torn; Blash Krell, both arms broken; Fahr Kotzch, shoulder broken and injured internally; Anthony Sechleck, back and breast crushed; Urits Misko, legs crushed.

Diabolical Work Well Done.

The fiends who planned the explosion did their work well, despite the fact that part of the plan failed. They placed about twenty-four sticks of dynamite under the building, each being about nine inches long and weighing about half a pound. A wire connected the sticks with a battery about fifty yards away. When the signal was given only about half a dozen of the sticks exploded. They were sufficient, however, to completely wreck the building, not a beam or plank of which was left standing. Several of the inmates who occupied beds on the upper floor were hurled fifty feet in the air. Some of them escaped fatal injuries by alighting in the trees near by. Half dazed by fear and sleep, they managed to hold on to the limbs until they recovered their senses and and were able to reach the ground.

Looked Like a Field of Battle.

The track walker, who arrived on the scene shortly after the explosion, says it resembled a battlefield. The cries of the injured were heartrendering. Some of them were in the trees; others were lying on the ground and under the debris of the wrecked building. One of the boarders who escaped injury made his way to a neighboring shanty and woke the inmates. Blankets and bedding were carried to the scene and the injured made as comfortable as possible. At daylight the officials of the Lehigh Valley railroad were notified and a special train with a number of physicians was hurried to the scene. The doctors dressed the wounds of the injured, who were then brought to the hospital in this city.

Theory of the Explosion.

The boarding house boss says he is at a loss as to what prompted the dastardly deed. As far as he knows he has no enemies in the world. Some of the boarders think the motive was robbery, as several of them were known to have considerable money in their possession. If this was the object of the fiends it is plain why they placed so much of the explosive under the building. They wanted to kill every person in the place in order to get the plunder and escape detection. One of the wounded men says that immediately after the explosion he saw four strange men running down the roadway leading to the village of Miner's Mills. They carried lanterns. While he lay on the ground another stranger approached him and rifled his pockets.

Boarding House Boss Arrested.

Michael Bellakovitch, the proprietor of the boarding house, was arrested last night and sent to jail. The authorities say they want him as a witness. He had money in his possession, and on Saturday last told a friend that he was going to the old country on Monday.

FLED FROM THE STATE.

Colonel Coit and Lieutenant Goldmay Said To Be in Hiding.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 29.—It has been discovered that Colonel Alonzo B. Coit and Lieutenant P. Goldmay of the Fourteenth Ohio infantry have been in hiding in this city for the last ten days. They are the military officers who commanded the troops which fired on the mob of citizens at Washington Court House Oct. 17, killing three people. The crowd tried to break into the court house to mob a negro named William Dolby, who had pleaded guilty to a heinous offense and for which he had been sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary. The people of Washington county, and also those of Columbiana, which is the home of Coit and Goldmay, threatened to kill the officers, who fled from the state.

Lavigne Knocks Out Griffin.

CONEY ISLAND, N. Y., Oct. 30.—In the Seaside Athletic club arena last night "Kid" Lavigne and Johnnie Griffin fought fifteen game rounds, the last one being stopped by the police. The fight was Lavigne's from the start to the finish nearly, and in the fourteenth round he had his opponent nearly knocked out. The fight was given to Lavigne.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—"Mysterious" Billy Smith and Dick O'Brien fought ten rounds to a draw, neither man having the best of it, and both doing good work all through.

Total Chicago Registration.

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—The total registration of this city, revised, is 348,178, of which 30,538 is the women's share.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Colonel GARRICK MALLERY, U. S. A., (retired) at Washington.

Commodore WILLIAM EVLYN HOPKINS, at San Francisco.

J. P. ZIMMERMAN, well-known commercial traveler, at Rockford, Ills.

Colonel CHARLES N. PINE, well-knows journalist, at Port Jervis, N. Y.

Mrs. MARY A. WOODBRIDGE, secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at Chicago.

HENRY KLUTE, well-known band master, at Sidney, O.

Judge WILLIAM M. BROOKS, oldest lawyer in the south, at Birmingham, Ala.

General AMOS BECKWITH, U. S. A., (retired), at St. Louis.

GARDNER T. BARKER, ex-mayor of Peoria, Ills.

Colonel P. ZOLLART, a pioneer citizen of Creston, Ia.

CHRISTIAN F. STEIN, chief of the Indian printing bureau, at Indianapolis.

Captain JOHN ADAM KOCH, retired capitalist and veteran of the Mexican war, at Dubuque, Ia.

Captain HENRY MULLHAGEN, prominent resident of Benton Harbor, Mich.

ASTONISHING IF CORRECT.

Johnson Reported to Have Wheeled a Mile in Race Horse Time.

BUFFALO, Oct. 28.—If Tom Eck and a select party of bicyclists who were out on the Tonawanda boulevard are to be believed John S. Johnson, the racing wheelman, went a mile straightaway, paced by a quadruplet, in the marvelous time of 1:35 4-5. Eck has been here for several days with the Stearns team. He brought Johnson here to try for the mile straight away over this pavement, which is as smooth as a parlor floor. The course is straight and has been carefully measured, but there is a steep fall for an eighth of a mile at the finish.

The timers were T. J. Sayles, of Buffalo, and Frank Mayo, of the Stearns team, at the start; T. W. Eck at the first quarter; A. D. Kennedy and P. Shehan, of Buffalo, at the half; C. M. Murphy, the racer, and H. R. Stevenson at the three-quarters, and W. Stark, W. O. Lutz, and B. Van Velsor, all of Buffalo, at the finish. The quadruplet was ridden by C. H. Callahan, H. H. Seavey, Pat O'Connor, and W. A. Rhodes.

The time by quarters was: First quarter, 0:21 2-5; second quarter, 0:23 2-5; third quarter, 0:25, and fourth quarter, 0:24. Electric timers were used and it is claimed that there can be no mistake and that Johnson actually went the fastest mile ever ridden by a human being. He will go out and try for another record today.

Woman Sued for Breach of Promise.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 30.—Adolph Schlz has instituted proceedings in a breach of promise suit against Katherine Pilger for $30,000. The plaintiff is a banker, who has been conducting a business in Berlin, Germany. In his complaint he tells how he sold out his business on the other side and journeyed all the way to Wisconsin to make Katherine Pilger Mrs. Scholz, and when he arrived she refused to marry him. Thereupon he returned to his German home, but in January, 1893, relying upon her renewed promise, he came back to this city, but was again spurned by Katherine.

Report of the Maine's Trial.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—The engineer board which conducted the steam trial of the Maine has just completed its report and submitted it to the navy department. The result of the calculation is to place the horsepower of the ship at 9,224, an excess of 224 over the contract requirement, which will earn the builders a premium of $22,000. The report deals with every detail of the machinery and in substance declares that it is of excellent workmanship and complete in every respect.

Whitecaps Acquitted.

HELENA, Ark., Oct. 30.—The Whitecap cases resulted in acquittal. The jury had little trouble in arriving at a verdict though two of the jurors were at first in favor of a verdict of guilty as charged. The prosecution labored under the disadvantage of having the notorious detective, Richardson, now under indictment for complicity in the killing of six helpless negroes a few weeks ago, near Millington, Tenn., as the chief witness and this, no doubt, influenced the jury.

Meeting of Prominent Women.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 29.—The twenty-second annual congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women meets here Tuesday and extends over Thursday. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will preside. Seventy-five of the most prominent women from all parts of the Union will be in attendance.

Kossuth's Son Becomes Reconciled.

BUDA PESTH, Oct. 30.—Francis Kossuth, son of the great Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, has arrived in this city. In reply to the greetings of a deputation he said he bowed before the will of Hungary, which had become reconciled to the present dynasty.

Mrs. Carter's Last Hope Gone.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—The celebrated Carter divorce case has come to an end, the supreme court handing down a decision sustaining the lower court which gave Leslie Carter a divorce, granted him custody of the child and denied the application for alimony.

Registration at New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—The total registration in this city for the four days was 309,931, the largest registration every recorded in New York. The largest preceding was in 1892, which a total of 309,025.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2½@3½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm with actual business in bankers' bills at 487½@487¾ for demand and 4.83½@4.83⅝ for sixty days; posted rates 487½@488 and 488½@489; commercial bills 483¾.

Silver certificates 64¼; no sales; bar silver 63¾. Mexican dollars 51.

United States government bonds 5's regular, 113¾; 5's coupons, 120; 4's regular, 115; 4's coupons, 115; 2's regular, 96 bid; Pacific 6's of '95, 101 bid.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—October, opened 51¼c, closed 51¼c; December, opened 52¼c, closed 52½c; May, opened 56¾c, closed 57c. Corn—October, opened 51¼c, closed 51¾c; December, opened 50c, closed 50½c; May, opened 50¾c, closed 50¾c. Oats—October, opened 27¼c, closed 27½c; December, opened 25¾c, closed 25¾c; May, opened 22¾c, closed 23¼c. Pork—October, opened $11.85, closed $11.95; January, opened $11.65, closed $11.75. Lard—October, opened $6.40, closed $6.90.

Produce—Butter: Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; packing stock, 12½@13c. Eggs—17 per doz. loss off. Live poultry—Chickens, old, 6c per lb; spring, 7c; ducks, 7½@8c; turkeys, 6½@6c; geese, 6@7c per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 45@50c per bu; Hebrons, 55@60c; Rose, 45@50c. Sweet potatoes—Jerseys, $2.00@2.10 per bbl; Illinois, $1.00@1.25. Apples—Common to choice, $1.00@2.50 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod, choice, $7.50@8.50 per bbl; $2.25@2.75 per 1-bu box. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@15c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 35,000; sales ranged at $3.75@4.35 pigs, $4.15@4.60 light, $4.10@4.30 rough packing, $4.22½@4.70 mixed, and $4.35@4.75 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 13,000; quotations ranged at $3.60@4.25 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.45@5.50 good to choice do, $3.85@4.50 fair to good, $3.40@4.20 common to medium do, $3.15@3.75 butchers' steers, $2.20@2.95 stockers, $2.80@3.60 feeders, $1.25@2.80 cows, $2.40@3.20 heifers, $1.30@3.50 bulls, $3.30@3.10 Texas steers, $3.75@4.40 western rangers and $3.00@3.85 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 11,000; sales ranged at $1.50@3.00 westerns, $1.50@3.75 Texans, $1.75@3.80 natives and $3.00@4.00 lambs.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Happenings and Doings in All Parts of the State Reported by Telegraph and Placed Where They Can Be Readily Perused by Our Own People.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 30.—Attorney General Moloney has filed in the Sangamon civil court his answer in the case of the petition of Auditor Gore for a writ of mandamus to compel the attorney general to proceed against the Illinois Building and Loan association at Bloomington, to close up its affairs and appoint a receiver. Moloney maintains the position originally taken by him, that on the presentation made to him in the auditor's report on the association's condition the association was at the time in a condition to carry on its business in compliance with the building association act.

Moloney charges that Auditor Gore caused reports prejudicial to the association's standing to be circulated in the newspapers and thereby so impaired confidence in it as to cause the stockholders to demand their money and thereby cause it to go into the hands of a receiver.

PUBLICATION WAS A LITTLE LATE,

But the Proposed Illinois Amendment Will Be on the Ticket.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 30.—It having been discovered that the amendment to the constitution empowering the legislature to regulate the relations between corporations and their employes had not been published until Aug. 16, whereas the statute provides that the publication shall be at least three months preceding the election of members of the general assembly, Assistant Attorney General Newell was asked for an opinion as to whether this would invalidate the amendment. Newell said: "I am of the opinion that the mere omission by the secretary of state to make publication of such an amendment at least three months before the election, as required by the revised statutes, will not render the submission invalid. It is at best a mere irregularity, and is, in my opinion, of not sufficient importance to defeat the right of the people to vote upon the question.

"It is true constitution provides for publication of amendments at least three months before election, but I think this has reference to publication with the session laws and resolutions and not newspaper publication." Governor Altgeld was of the opinion that neglect to publish exactly within the specified time would not invalidate the amendment and was of the opinion that the statute was merely directory in defining the secretary of state's duties. Several prominent lawyers here held similar opinion.

DRESSED IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES.

Arrest of an Escaped Convict After Three Years.

WINFIELD, Ills., Oct. 30.—Three years ago, in a small Iowa town, Peter Cline, whose parents and brothers reside near here and are respectable farmers, was arrested for taking goods from the store of his employer. He was tried and convicted. The reason he gave for taking the goods was that his employer was mean and beat him out of money, and he took this method of revenge. Before taken to prison Cline escaped. A reward of $50 was offered, but he was never caught until a few days ago.

A few days after his escape in Iowa a woman made her appearance in the Cline household here. She was introduced as a sister from the east, and every one believed the story. The other night, however, an officer put in an appearance and arrested the supposed sister, who proved to be Peter Cline, who for three years has been masquerading in feminine attire. He is now on his way back to Iowa in charge of an officer. An effort will be made to obtain a pardon for him.

Sentenced to Prison for Forgery.

JOLIET, Ills., Oct. 26.—William F. Moore, who three years ago was a prosperous farmer in Will county, was sentenced to the penitentiary for eleven years for forgery. Moore was heard to say to his fellow prisoners that he would not go to the penitentiary if he could help it, and, fearing that he might commit some rash act, he was at once taken up. Two years ago Moore sold his farming machinery and stock at auction and took notes. These notes he duplicated and forged and sold them to different parties and before they fell due he left for parts unknown, but two months ago he returned to visit his family in this city and was captured.

A Quarrel Ends in a Killing.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Oct. 29.—John Van Volkenburg was shot and instantly killed at Durand by Herman Theil, a well-known young man. They had a grudge against each other for years and Van Valkenburg came into a restaurant intoxicated and began calling Theil vile names. There was a scuffle and Theil pulled a gun which exploded, killing Van Valkenburg instantly. Theil was brought to Rockford and placed in the county jail. He says the shooting was done in self-defense.

State Notes.

Four highwaymen were arrested at Fulton, Ills., while in the act of holding up some boys.

Henry Atkinson of Bloomington, Ills., recently from Chicago, attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself in the side. He was destitute of means and has a sick wife with a young baby. The shooting will prove fatal.

Mrs. Dollis Jump and Curly Hudson, both married, eloped from their homes near Virginia, Ills. Both leave children behind.

Governor Altgeld has restored the rights of citizenship to Reuben Sparling, of Hammond, Piatt county, Ills.

Survivors of the Ninth Illinois Volunteer infantry will hold a reunion at Mascoutah Nov. 15 and 16. General G. M. Dodge and ex-Governor Oglesby will participate.

Divinity students at the Northwestern university have declared war on dancing as Evanston, Ills., college parties.

Horace Clark, 7 years old, has disappeared from his home at Peoria, Ills. It is feared he has been kidnaped.

Honor for Caprivi and Eulenberg.

BERLIN, Oct. 29.—The Reichsanzeiger, official, announces that the emperor has conferred upon General Von Caprivi the Order of the Black Eagle set with brilliants and that his majesty has bestowed upon Count Bothe Eulenberg the cross and star of grand commander of the Hohenzollern ordes

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Thursday, Oct. 25.

It has transpired at Pittsburg, during an attempt to close up the "discretionary pool" business, as a gambling scheme, that hundreds of women have invested their money in the concerns.

The attorney general of Iowa has dismissed all the cases against Editor Kelly, of the Sioux City Tribune, on the ground that they were instituted by private parties for private purposes.

An immigration convention is in session at Louisville. Its purpose is to induce immigration into Kentucky, and several hundred delegates are in attendance.

It is said that "Deafy" Letson, in jail at St. Cloud, Minn., on a charge of swindling passengers on the Great Northern trains, is a stepson of Millionaire Baldwin, the San Francisco street car magnate.

Friday, Oct. 26.

Receiver McNeill, of the Oregon Railway and Navigation company, has under consideration a project for the establishment of a steamship line between Portland and the orient.

Samuel W. Allerton, of Chicago, has sued for an interest in the Homestake mine No. 2 in the Black hills, the value of which interest is $2,343,750.

The business section of Ashland, Wis., was invaded by a deer, and bound in close pursuit. The animal entered a dwelling through a window, climbed the stairs and was killed by jumping through a second-story window.

A war between the rival street car lines of Savanhah has been in progress all summer and fares have gradually been reduced until one of the lines has announced two rides for 1 cent.

Mrs. William S. Jones, of Waverly, O., has in her possession a gold-lined silk velvet coat worn by La Fayette on his last visit to America. It is profusely decorated.

Saturday, Oct. 27.

Fire in a warehouse at Chicago, part of the Deering Harvester works plant, about destroyed the building, machinery for the manufacture of binding wine and a large quantity of hemp. Loss, about $100,000; well insured.

While testifying against his wife in divorce proceedings at Kansas City, William Lacey, of Iola, Kas., was accused by Mrs. Lacey of having murdered William Cummings last August.

The American Missionary association, in session at Lowell, Mass., has elected these officers: President, Merrill E. Gates, Amherst, Mass.; corresponding secretaries, Rev. E. M. Strickby, D. D.; Rev. F. P. Woodbury, D. D., New York; assistant secretary, Rev. J. C. Ryder, D. D.; recording secretary, Rev. E. M. Strickby, D. D., New York; treasurer, H. W. Hubbard, New York.

Assistant United States District Attorney Draffen at Kansas City, has rendered a decision to the effect that repeaters at election time cannot be punished in the United States courts.

The trial of the members of the mob who lynched six negroes near Millington, Tenn., Aug. 31, has been set for Oct. 30.

Monday, Oct. 29.

Discussion is going on between the United States and German governments over the prohibition of American cattle by the Hamburg senate because some cattle are alleged to "have been shipped while afflicted with Texas fever. The statement is not believed, as American cattle is examined by experts before shipment, and the United States will protest.

The eleven miners caught by a fall of roof in the Pewable mine at Iron Mountain, Mich., have been rescued, none the worse for their experience. They were imprisoned for forty-eight hours and were chiefly hungry and sleepy when rescued.

Fire at Pensacola, Fla., destroyed the coal chutes of the Export Coal Co., the warehouse of the Louisville and Nashville railway and a valuable property situated on the Louisville and Nashville coal docks. Load $100,000. One man was killed and another badly injured.

For the third time President Cleveland has appointed John Beard postmaster at Danville, Ills., and this time Beard's commission has been forwarded. Other appointments since the president has returned to Washington were—all postmasters: Illinois—Lebanon, Herman J. Blanck; Indiana—Dunkirk, James W. Burghs; Iowa—Adel, Robert S. Barr; Fayette, W. Larkin; Lansing Robert Hufschmidt; Sumner, John M. Johnston.

Tuesday, Oct. 30.

Frank Kline, son of ex-City Marshal Kline, and Otis Savage, whose father was circuit judge for years, have been arrested at The Dalles, Or., for the Pacific express robbery of $14,000. All but $400 was recovered.

A wagon containing a party returning from a dance was struck by a Big Four train at Lebanon, Ind., and five were killed. The dead are: Gertrude Davis, Grace Davis, Tenna George, Cari Gowans, and May McDaniel.

It is proposed at Chicago for the city to appropriate $10,000 for the purchase of anti-toxine, the new preventive of diphtheria. The stuff costs $2.50 a teaspoonful.

The scare over the smallpox has abated at Washington, and the interior department has reopened, but the smallpox is still in evidence and slowly gaining ground. The White House people have all been vaccinated.

The Cook county, Ills., board of review has decided that neither of the rival Populist organizations of that county have the privilege of going on the official ballot, as they did not cast 2 per cent. of the vote at last election. They must go on the ticket by petition if at all.

It Is Not What We Say But What Hood's Sarsaparilla Does

That Tells the Story. Its record is unequalled in the history of medicine. Even when other preparations fail,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be Sure to Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

WHAT HEARTSEASE SAID.

What are you smiling about,
Little Heartsease?
Why do you nod at me,
With your face brimful of glee,
Gay little tease?
Some pretty tale, no doubt,
Told by the bees,
Or a hint that the wrens let fall
As they gossiped about the wall,
Little Heartsease.

What are you smiling over,
Little Heartsease,
That the winds stoop so low
To hear it before they go
Off over seas?
The wind is a gossipy rover,
Little Heartsease.
The secret you trust to his ear
Will be whispered afar and near,
Told by the breeze.

Whisper your thought to me,
Little Heartsease.
You never should say me nay,
For I've loved you for many a day
Better than these.
Oh, wind in the maple tree,
Hush, if you please!
"Bend to us, eyes of blue,
We blossom for you, for you,"
Whispers Heartsease!

—Dorothy Deane in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

IN A DESERT.

One of the cheeriest Christmas days was that spent on the pleasant banks of the Limpopo river not many years since. Two hunting friends were trekking through Bechuanaland toward the Zambezi, and it happened by great good fortune that just at the junction of the Notwani and Limpopo rivers they found outspanned the wagons of two hunters and traders southward bound from the far interior. These men were traveling down country with heavy loads of ivory, ostrich feathers, skins and other produce, and they had with them a big troop of cattle, obtained in barter. In these fitful encounters in the African wilderness men are always well met, and it needed no pressing from the new found acquaintances to induce them to outspan together and combine forces for Christmas cheer and Christmas chatter. A brief council of war soon settled the all important question of commissariat. Smallfield, the younger of the traders, had shot a good rooibok the evening before, which furnished venison for all, and they had already baked a store of bread from fresh Boer meal. The newcomers, on their side, freshly equipped from Kimberley, could provide tinned plum puddings, tinned tomatoes, peas, jams and other luxuries, including dried onions, most precious of vegetables in the veldt, and they had, further, some excellent Scotch whisky. They had besides half a dozen brace of guinea fowl and pheasants, shot during the day in the jungles bordering the river, so that all the concomitants of a capital African banquet were ready to hand.

Just at sundown the preparations were complete, and no merrier party, you may swear, ever sat down to their Christmas meal. They supped by the light of a roaring campfire, eked out by a lantern or two placed on the cases that served for tables. The servants were enjoying themselves at another fire a little distant; the oxen lay peacefully at their yokes; the wagons loomed large alongside, their white tents reflecting cheerfully the ruddy blaze of the fire. The night was perfect, still and warm, and the stars, like a million diamond sparks, scintillated in the intense indigo of the dome above. What wonder, then, that all felt happy and contented?

Supper at length was over. The coffee kettle was banished to obscurity and the whisky produced. The travelers lit their pipes and toasted their absent friends and each other, and then ensued a long and delightful evening.

The traders were two capital, manly fellows, well versed in the sports and toils and pleasures of the far interior. The newcomers themselves had been in the hunting veldt before, and they had all, therefore, many things in common. Many and many a yarn of the chase and adventure they exchanged; many a head of gallant game they slew again by the cheerful blaze. The up country trekkers mentioned that they thought of trying a new bit of veldt rather away from the beaten track, if they could but find water in the desert and good guides and spoorers. They were bent on entering the wild and little known tract of country north of the road to the Mabebe veldt.

"Well," said the elder of the traders —Kenstone was his name—"you'll find game there after the rains—giraffe, gemsbok, hartebeest, eland, koodoo, roan antelope and perhaps a few elephants or a rhinoceros or two. But it's a wild, barren veldt. The country as you go north is a good deal broken, and unless the rains have been good water is terribly scarce.

"As for myself," gazing rather moodily at the campfire and stroking his thick brown beard, "I once went into that veldt and never wish to see it again. I had a most uncanny adventure there, an experience I never again wish to repeat if I live to be a hundred. In all the years (and they are close on five and twenty now) I have been in the hunting veldt I never spent so incomprehensible and horrible a time as the few days I am thinking of. Ugh!" and the big man shivered as he spoke.

Naturally the curiosity of his audience was at once excited. The younger trader, Smallfield, spoke first.

"Why, George," he said, "I never heard you speak of that country. I never even knew you had been in it. What's the yarn? It must be something out of the common if it gives you the blues. You're not sentimental as far as I remember."

"No, Jim," returned Kenstone. "I never mentioned the thing to you or to any one else, bar perhaps two or three folks. It's 11 years gone since it all happened. My old partner, Angus (he's down in the colony now), who was with me at the time, knows all about it, and I reported some of the circumstances to a Transvaal Landdrost when we got back. Otherwise I have never talked about the matter. I should only be chaffed, and it's not a pleasant topic at the best of times. It gave me a very nasty fright at the time, I remember. However, it's all far enough away now. If you and these gentlemen would like to hear the yarn, why, I'll break my rule and tell you all about it. And, mind, what I tell you are solid facts. You know I don't blow, Jim, or spout tall yarns for the benefit of down country folks or bar loafers at Kimberley. What I saw I saw, and, please God, hope never to see again."

All were as keen as mustard for the story, and Kenstone went on.

"Well, let me fill my pipe, and here goes:

"It was in 1874 that Angus and I were making our third trip to the Lake N'gami country. This time we had got leave from Khama to trade and hunt in Mababe and the Chobe river country, and we meant to push even beyond to the region between the Sunta and the Okavango if the fever would let us. We made a good trek of it across the 'thirst' —there had been very late rains that year—and even after crossing the lake river we made good traveling well on toward the Mababe flat. We heard from the Makobas and Masarwas along the river that there was still some water standing in the bush on our right hand, that there were elephant in there and that other game was abundant. It is not often that this veldt is accessible —from scarcity of water—and it seemed good enough to quit the wagon road for a time and try the bush for ivory. Before reaching Scio Pans, therefore, we turned right handed and struck into the bush with one wagon, the other, in charge of our head driver, being sent on to the water, there to await our coming.

"We had some Masarwa bushen with us, and they were as keen as hawks at the prospect of showing us heavy game and getting a liberal supply of flesh. Northward we trekked steadily through wild desolate country for the best part of one day and outspanned by a desert pool for the night. Here we were greatly disappointed to find no spoor of elephant, although giraffe, ostrich, gemsbok and hartebeest were fairly plentiful. Next day at dawn we again pushed doggedly on, Angus and I taking different directions and riding some miles ahead of the wagon on the lookout for elephant spoor. I rode behind a Masarwa at a steady pace all morning without finding the least sign of the game we wanted, and after an off saddle at midday once more pushed on in a northwesterly direction.

"Rather suddenly we came upon a klompje of giraffe, and as the elephants seemed very much in the air and we wanted meat I rammed the spurs in and galloped headlong for the camels. It was desperately hot, and we were shut up in thick, thorny bush in which not a breath of wind stirred, and I consequently had not got my coat on. The beast I rode for, a fat, fresh young cow, led me a pretty dance of two miles, hell for leather, at a terrific pace through the very thorniest jungle she could pick, and although I presently ranged close up to her rump and with my third bullet, firing from my horse, brought her down with a crash, she had taken pretty heavy toll of me. My flannel shirt was torn to ribbons, and my chest and shoulders were rarely gashed about. Never hunt 'camel,' gentlemen, in a thick bush without a stout coat on. That's the advice of an old veldtman, and it's worth remembering. I ought to have known better that day, but I was not prepared for game at that particular moment.

"Well, I stuck my knife into the cow's back and found her well covered with fat, and the Masarwa coming up soon after we set to work to skin and cut her up. Presently, having fastened about 20 pounds of meat to my saddle and carrying the long, prehensile tongue dangling far below my belt, I saddled up, leaving the Masarwa, who had a calabash of water, to finish the job and wait for the wagon to pick him up the next morning.

"I myself took a sweep north northeast, with the intention of working round to the wagon before sundown.

"I had not left the Masarwa half an hour when I suddenly, to my intense surprise, cut the spoor of a wagon running pretty well east and west and going westward. It was not fresh, but at the same time not very old either. It might have been a month or two old at most. 'Now,' thought I, 'what in the mischief does this mean?' Very few hunters use this veldt. I knew Khama had sent no wagons that way this season, and the only white man in front of us this year was Dirk Sarreberg, one of the few Dutch hunters to whom Khama gave permission to hunt in his veldt.

"Starreberg's wagon it could only be. And yet it struck me as strange that Dirk, whom I knew well—for he was a noted interior hunter—should be trekking in this veldt. He was, I knew, bound for the Victoria falls. Probably, like ourselves, enticed by the unwonted water supply and the possibility of a slap at the elephants, he had turned off somewhere between Nata river and Daka and pushed across for the Chobe. Thus reasoning, I turned my horse's head, and with the westering sun now on my right flank struck homeward for the wagon. I rode on for half a mile and then came another strange thing. As I crossed an open glade I saw coming toward me the figure of a man. I knew in a moment who it was. The slouching walk, the big, burly form, the vast red beard, the rifle carried—as Dirk always carried his—by the muzzle end, with the stock poised behind his shoulder—it was none but Dirk Starreberg himself. But there was something amiss with him. He looked worn and troubled, almost distraught, it seemed to me, at that distance, and he gazed neither to the right nor left of him, but passed hurriedly and very swiftly in front of me at a distance of about 80 paces.

"'Hello, Dirk!' I shouted. 'Allemagtig, war loup jij? Wacht een bitje, Dirk!' (Almighty, where are you off to? Wait a little, Dirk.) To my utter astonishment, the man took not the slightest notice, but passed on. I became indignant and yelled: 'Dirk, Dirk, have you no manners? It's me, George Kenstone. I want you. Stop!' Still the man passed on. In another moment he had reached the bush again. He turned now, beckoned to me with his right hand, and in another instant had disappeared into the low forest.

"I was extremely annoyed, and after staring like a fool for a second to two struck in spurs rather sharply and galloped after him. I was not three seconds in reaching the bush where he had entered, but to my surprise Dirk had vanished. I searched hither and thither, shouted—aye, swore—but still no Dirk. I came back at length to the point where I had last seen the Boer. Surprise No. 3. There was my own spoor as plain as a pikestaff in the red sand, but of Dirk Starreberg not one trace of spoor was to be seen.

"Now, spoor, as you all know, is a thing that never lies. I had seen Dirk cross the clearing and enter the bush at this point. Where were his tracks? I got off my horse and hunted carefully every bit of the way across the glade where I had seen Dirk pass. I am a reasonably good veldtman, but—so help me God!—I never could find one trace of the man's spoor, this way or that. I rubbed my eyes. It was incomprehensible. I searched again and again carefully and methodically, with the same result. There was always my own and my horse's spoor, but no one else's.

"By this time I was not a little bothered. There must be some infernal mystery which I could not fathom. My eyesight had never yet failed me. It was broad daylight, and I was neither asleep nor dreaming nor drunk. An old childish superstition crept for an instant upon my mind, to be instantly cast aside. And yet the flesh, even of grown manhood, is weak. I remember distinctly that I shivered, blazing hot as was the afternoon. The bush seemed very still and lonely, and I am bound to say it suddenly struck me it was time to move for the wagon. I got onto my good nag, walked him away and presently set him into a brisk canter, which only once slackened till I made the camp just at sundown a couple of hours later.

"I told Angus what I had seen. He laughed and told me I had evidently missed the spoor, although he admitted that it was strange that Dirk had made no sign when I hailed him, and next morning we moved on rapidly, picked up the meat of the dead giraffe and then a little later struck the wagon spoor I had found yesterday. This we followed briskly until 4 o'clock p. m., when we came upon an old outspan and discovery No. 4.

"Here was a good sized water pit in limestone formation. There were the remains of the campfire, and it was evident from several indications that the wagon, whose ever it was, had stood at least two days at this spot. The kameel doorn trees grew pretty thickly all around, and there was a good deal of bush, and altogether it was a sequestered, silent spot. Lying by the largest of the dead fires was an object that instantly quickened our interest in the mystery we were unraveling—the skeleton of a man, clean picked by the foul vultures, but apparently untouched by hyenas or jackals. There were still the tattered remains of clothing upon it, and one veldtschoen—a Boer veldtschoen—up the right foot. I turned over the poor bleached framework to try to discover some inkling of its end. As I did so out pattered from the skull on to the sand a solid Matini-Henry bullet, slightly flattened on one side of its apex, manifestly from impact with some bone it had encountered, probably a cheek bone. A closer scrutiny revealed a big hole in rear of the skull just behind the right ear.

"'By George!' exclaimed Angus, who was bending over me, 'there's been foul play here. That shot was fired at pretty close quarters.'

"I nodded, and at that instant my Masarwa, who had been searching about near us, picked up and brought me a bunch of long red hair.

"'So help me God!' I could not help exclaiming, 'that's from Dirk Starreberg's beard for any money. He has been murdered here, that's certain. If it was an accident, they would have buried him. The question is, Who is the murderer?'

"We hunted about, but found no traces except the other veldtschoen and the remains of a Dutchman's broad brimmed hat. We outspanned for the night and sat down to think it over and have a pipe while supper was being got ready.

"'Angus,' I said, 'I don't half like things. There's some dark riddle here. The fire I saw yesterday afternoon was Dirk Starreberg's. I knew him well and never could mistake him. And, strangely enough, he was heading when I last saw him for this very spot. If I believed in ghosts, which I don't, I should say I had seen Dirk's spook. What do you make of it all? I'm beginning to think I'm dreaming or going dotty. It beats me altogether.'

"'Well,' returned Angus in his quaint way, 'it's the most extreeordinary rum go I ever heard of. We'd better trek on in the morning first thing and see what else we can discover. Those are Dirk's bones undoubtedly. We must try and do something for the poor chap, though he is dead.'

"I don't know what was wrong that night, but several times the oxen were startled and sprang to their feet, and the naga, fastened up to the wagon wheels, were desperately scared once or twice and pulled at their reins as though they must break them. The dogs, too, barked and howled and behaved very strangely. And yet no lions were near us. Once or twice we looked out, but saw nothing. All of us, masters and boys, were uncomfortable, we could hardly explain why, and the men undoubtedly knew nothing of what I had seen the day before.

"At dawn next morning we were not sorry to inspan and trek, and following the old wagon spoor we pushed on, determined if possible to get to the bottom of the affair. All that day and the next we toiled on, only outspanning once or twice during the daytime and at night by the water to rest and refresh the oxen for a few hours. At last, an hour before sunset on the second day, Angus and I, who were riding ahead of the wagon, spied suddenly among some kameel doorn trees the tent of a wagon, to which we cantered. Suddenly, as we reined up, the foreclap was cast aside, and a wild figure of a woman appeared and scrambled down from the wagon box. It was Vrouw Starreberg, but terribly, sadly altered from the stout if somewhat grim good wife I had seen a couple of years before. Her dark stuff dress was torn and cut about by the thorn bushes; her erst fat, smooth face, broad though it still was, was lined and haggard and terribly fallen away; but, above all, there was a rolling vacancy, a wildness, in her eye that made me fear at once for her reason. Under one arm she clasped tightly a big Bible, and never in the subsequent days that we were together did she once relinquish it. It seemed that some terrible calamity had overturned her reason.

"'Whence come ye, George Kenstone?' (she had known me well for years) she cried in a harsh, high pitched scream very painful to listen to. 'Take me out of this desert and back to my home. I have been cast away these six weeks, able to move neither hand nor foot for freedom. The man I called husband is dead, and my servants have fled, and the oxen are gone the Lord knows where.'

"I scarce knew how to begin with her.

"'I'm sorry, Tant' Starreberg,' I said, 'to find you in this plight. I'm afraid there has been sad mischief, and your husband has been shot. Is it not so? We will help you gladly, of course, and early in the morning, when the oxen will be rested, we will take you out of this place. I fear you have suffered much. But how came poor Dirk by his end? Was it the boys?'

"At the mention of Dirk her whole expression changed. Her eyes filled with a terrible light. In her best days Vrouw Starreberg was a hard featured, ugly woman. Now she looked almost fiendish.

"'Poor Dirk!' she shrieked, with horrible scorn. 'Poor Dirk? No, I am not afraid to own it! The man you call Dirk Starreberg—he was no more husband of mine—died by my hand. I shot him. Yes, dead I shot him as he sat by his fire. And why? Because he lied and was unfaithful. Because he forsook me for that mop headed, blue eyed, pink faced doll, Jacoba Veeland.'

"'And when at last I had discovered all—he talked overmuch in his sleep, the traitor—and taxed him with it, here in this very veldt, he laughed me to scorn and told me he was tired of my black face and my sour ways and gloried in his evil love. Ja! he taunted me that I was old and barren, I that had made a man of him and brought him gold and flocks and herds and set him up. And so I shot him, as I say. I could endure it no longer, and the servants, having trekked to this place with me, fled, and the oxen wandered, and I am alone, the Lord help me!' At the next instant the poor, overwrought creature fell in a swoon upon the sand.

"Well, it was all very horrible, although even now we hardly knew what to believe. But we brought her to, gave her some brandy and put her into her wagon for rest. And later on I took her some soup and bread and made her eat it. She was exhausted now and told me in a low voice that she had lived on meal and water for weeks past. Presently we turned in, and all was quiet.

"It was, I supposed, some little time after midnight that Angus and I were roused by a loud voice beyond the campfire, which lay between the other wagon and our own. We listened. It was the vrouw herself. Hastily we got down from the kartel and went toward her. She was beyond the fire, and her figure was well nigh lost in the gloom of night. We could just see her white kapje and an arm waving frantically. It was a terrible and uncanny scene. There stood the woman, screaming in wild and excited tones at something beyond, what we could not see and shivered even to imagine. 'Yes,' she cried, 'you come here to frighten me, Dirk Starreberg. I feared you not in life. I fear you not in death. I slew you, and I would slay you again. But I know why you walk thus through the veldt and come seeking to drive me mad night after night. Tomorrow—now that I can trek—I will come and bury your bones, and you may rest quiet if you can. Trouble me no more, I say—begone!'

"Angus and I could stand it no longer, sick with horror though we were.

"'Come back to your wagon, Vrouw Starreberg,' I called out. 'You are dreaming. Go to rest again.'

"Still glaring in front of her, the woman stepped back till she had met our advance. I am bound to say that I looked, and Angus looked, with terrified eyes, but saw nothing of what she saw or thought she saw. We took the poor mad creature's arms. She was trembling and wet, literally bathed in perspiration. What the tension must have been if this sort of thing had been going on night after night I shuddered even to think of. We took her to her wagon and gave her a strong dose of brandy and water, and presently she fell into heavy sleep. Then Angus and I got down our karosses, rekindled a roaring fire and sat smoking by the blaze for the rest of that night. Scared as I was, I believe I dozed once or twice, and Angus swears to this day that he once saw the figure of Dirk Sarreberg pass within the firelight 50 yards away. He woke me, but it had gone. The cattle were uneasy and disturbed again, and our Kaffirs, who had heard the vrouw talking, as they said, at a spook, lay huddled together under our wagon. It was uncanny, devilish uncanny, I can tell you, that intangible horror about the camp.

"Well, the rest of my story is short. Vrouw Starreberg was moving before dawn and insisted that we must trek back to the old camp and bury the skeleton. We, fearing more horrors, said it could not be done, and that we should at once quit the bush and strike for the road. She then utterly refused to leave her wagon unless we did as she asked. We seriously thought of taking her by force, but she was a strong, powerful woman, her mind was already unhinged, and we feared the consequences of a struggle. And so, very reluctantly, we agreed to humor her and give her her wish. It was a ghastly business. We only prayed to get it quickly over.

"At earliest streak of daylight we were inspanned and all day traveled steadily back toward the scene of Dirk's tragical ending. That night, strange to say, nothing happened to disturb us. Everything passed quietly. We trekked again all next day and halted for the night some three miles short of 'the skeleton outspan,' as we called it. Our reason for this was that we hoped the burial might be quietly accomplished in the bright sunshine of next morning and the woman got well away before nightfall on the homeward journey. Vrouw Starreberg, I noticed, was restless and excited, but she made no objection. Again I noticed that she still carried her Bible tightly clasped under the left arm. The vrouw lay in our wagon, Angus and I sleeping by the fire again. We were dog tired and slept soundly until roused, just as daylight broke, by our wagon driver, a Griqua named Albrecht. The man was looking very strangely. 'Baas,' he said, 'vrouw is not there' (pointing to the wagon). 'She went in the night. I heard her whispering, and I looked from where I was lying, and there she was beyond the firelight, following a man—a Dutchman, I think—or a spook, I don't know which, toward the murderer's outspan (de mordenaar's outspan to). I was frightened, baas, and I dared not move. There is her spoor, but the man's spoor I cannot see.'

"We sprang to our feet and went straight to the wagon. The foreclap was pulled aside. The kartel was empty. Yes, she had gone, and our hearts were sick with a nameless fear. Taking Albrecht with us, we saddled up at once and spoored the vrouw along the track toward the old outspan. And there, surely enough, we found her, stone dead, by the side of the skeleton.

"There was no mark upon her, but in her face was the most awful look of horror and of fright that I ever saw upon the countenance of the dead. I believe she had died of sheer terror and of nothing else. What had happened in those silent, terrible night hours, by what ghastly agency she had been dragged to the scene of the tragedy, how the end had actually come, God only knows.

"We were too anxious to get away from this dreadful place after such events. We buried the body and skeleton together and trekked out as fast as the oxen could travel, never stopping till we had struck the road and reached Scio Pans.

"That, gentlemen, is my solitary experience of spooks. I never want to have another. I was a scoffer before. I am a believer now. And if you told me that in the bush I speak of there were now standing ready for me as a free gift two buck wagons loaded up with ivory—why, I should decline the offer.

"Never would I be induced to enter the veldt again."—H. A. Bryden in Pall Mall Gazette.

There Was a Resemblance.

Down in Nassau street is a dignified lawyer and officer of the Twenty-third regiment named Pope. From Mr. Pope's personal appearance it would be a fair toss up whether he would be taken for a theological student or a member of the bar. He had a case up the state the other day, and as he was returning to town, wearing that peculiar self satisfied smile a lawyer always has after a winning fight, a stranger addressed him. The stranger was evidently a countryman and wanted to know how to get through this big, wicked city without touching it. He had probably been emboldened by Mr. Pope's theological appearance and legal smile to venture the inquiry as to the nearest way to the Cortlandt street ferry from the Grand Central station.

Mechanically falling into his courtly habit of cross examination, the lawyer drew his neighbor into conversation. He was ready to tender the stranger the freedom of the city if the latter should change his mind and remain over night.

"Oh, I ain't afeared—I ain't got no time," explained the countryman.

"There is nothing to be afraid of," said Mr. Pope in his sweetest manner. "Anybody who goes about his business is just as safe in New York as he would be in Schoharie county, provided his business doesn't take him around in disreputable places at night."

"They say they's some mighty slick men down there," said the man, with a knowing grin.

"Yes. Here's a case in this paper," said Mr. Pope, and he pointed out the flaring headlines of the last bunko job. The old man carefully spelled it out:

"Says he was slick an looked like a preacher," says he, and he began to edge away from the lawyer as if he had suddenly recognized him. And when he saw the latter behind him at the station afterward he broke into a sharp run.—New York Herald.

To Extract Essence From Flowers.

Procure a quantity of the petals of any flowers that smell sweet and fragrant. Take thin pieces of muslin or fine linen, and after having dipped them in good Lucca oil or Florence oil place them as layers between the petals. Sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on the flowers and put a layer of linen and a layer of flowers alternately until an earthen vessel or wide mouthed glass bottle is full. Tie the top over with oil silk, or parchment, then lay the vessel in a south aspect in the heat of the sun, and in 15 days, when uncovered, a fragrant oil may be squeezed away from the whole mass.—Florist.

Napoleon's Lucky Letter.

The Rev. J. M. Buckley in his "Astrology, Divination and Coincidences" presents a curious array of facts relative to Napoleon I and the letter "M." He says:

"Marbœuf was the first to recognize the genius of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire. Marengo was the greatest battle gained by Bonaparte, and Melas opened to him the way to Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals, Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Marie Louise partook of his highest destinies, Moscow was the abyss in which he was ingulfed, Metternich conquered him on the field of diplomacy. Six marshals —Massena, Mortier, Marmount, MacDonald, Murat, Moncey—and 26 of his generals of divisions had names beginning with the letter M. M. Murat, duke of Bassino, was the counselor in whom he placed the greatest confidence. His first great battle was that of Montenotte; his last was that of Mount St. Jean. He gained the battles of Moscow, Montmirail and Monterean. Then came the assault of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemies' capital and Moscow the last in which he entered. He lost Egypt through the blunders of Menou and employed Miollis to make Pius VIII prisoner. Malet conspired against him; afterward Marmont. His ministers were Maret, Montalivet and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montesquieu, his last sojourn Malmaison. He gave himself up to Captain Maitland. He had for his companion at St. Helena Montholon and for valet Marchand."

A White Woman as an Apache Warrior.

The following story is told by one of Arizona's early pioneers:

In 1864 Dr. Alsap and Lord Duppa, well known pioneers, were prospecting with a party in the Bradshaw mountains on the Hassayampa creek. One morning the party separated for the purpose of hunting. In going up a canyon, in which they were separated from their companions by high mountains, Duppa's detachment was attacked by a large band of Tonto Apaches. The whites gradually fought their way across the ridge with the hope of rejoining their companions. During the advance Duppa, who was stationed behind a rock, noticed that he was the particular mark of an Indian with a bow. Several arrows had fallen at his feet, and one struck him in the arm. Raising his rifle, he took aim, and just as he was touching the trigger the supposed Indian cried, "Don't shoot!" in good English, but it was too late, and the body fell over with life extinct. Soon after the two parties succeeded in forming a junction, and the Indians retreated, leaving their dead.

Out of curiosity the party returned to the place where Duppa killed the supposed Indian and found that it was a white woman, evidently about 30 years of age and dressed in all the paraphernalia of the Apaches. Investigation was made, but no trace of her former whereabouts could ever be obtained.—Yuma Times.

Discouraging to Burglars.

There is little encouragement for a man to be a burglar nowadays. When he has an earnest aspiration to rise to eminence in the profession, inventive genius always does all it can to bother him. For instance, the vaults of the subtreasury in San Francisco are fitted with wires laid between every two rows of brick, so that any attempt to interfere with the cement or the bricks will disturb an electric circuit and sound a warning bell.—Boston Courier.

Painting the Forth Bridge.

The Forth bridge receives a new coat of paint every three years, and one-third is done each year, so that the painters are continually at work. Besides the painting, every part of the structure is carefully examined and loose or defective rivets removed and new ones put in their place.—Glasgow Herald.

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE

That's about what we should call it. You see the bullet struck the falling rock. Read about it in our New Serial

TERESA

By Captain C. A. Curtis, of the United States Army. It is a thrilling tale of Indian fighting in the West. Will please

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Begins Next Week.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Miss Ada Rehan.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Potter-Bellew.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Rush City."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Tavary Opera Company.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Della Fox Comic Opera Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Roland Reed.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Louis Aldrich in "My Partner."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Across the Potomac."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"A Still Alarm."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
'Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

HON. R. R. SHIEL, OF INDIANA, ON A. P. AISM.

The Hon. R. R. Shiel, of Indianapolis, Ind., seems to be considerably exercised over the blanket charges of A.P.Aism made against the Republican party in the Hoosier State. Mr. Shiel is an old personal friend of ex-President Benjamin Harrison, and, in his own person, a man of considerable weight in Indiana. He has always been a consistent Republican, although he enjoys the friendship of thousands of Democrats, who know that he is a gentleman unselfishly devoted to the interests of the country at large. Mr. Shiel recently wrote an able letter to the editor of the Indianapolis *News*, in the course of which he says:

"A man's religion is a very sacred thing, be he a Jew or a Christian of any denomination. The whole Christian world denounced Russia a few years ago, and justly so, for the course it took in driving the Jews out of Russia; and here we find a class of men in an oath-bound organization seeking to accomplish a similar purpose in open violation of the constitution of the United States. In one State we find them seeking to ally themselves with the Democratic party, in another with the Republican party, and where neither party will have anything to do with them, they make their own nominations. We find also in many States the Democratic party charging that the Republican party is an A.P.A. party, which is false. The Democratic party has taken up this A.P.A. craze and is trying to divert the campaign from the main issue. In Michigan the Democratic party has nominated Spencer O. Fisher for governor, who is known to be an active A.P.A. The Hon. T. E. Tarsney, a Democratic nominee for Congress, has written a letter to the chairman of the State central committee denouncing the candidate for governor, charging him with being an A.P.A., and asking that he be removed from the ticket. I have seen no account of this in any Democratic paper. In Chicago neither party would recognize them on their tickets, and they have nominated a ticket of their own. In New York they opposed Morton's nomination for the reason that he had sent his daughter to a Catholic school. Now, the A.P.A. paper of New York, denounces Morton because in his letter of acceptance he said: 'Under the constitution of the United States, as well as under the organic law of this State, all citizens are placed on a footing of absolute equality before the law. This provision in the supreme law I fully recognize, not only because it is obligatory as a statute, but because I am in favor of the fullest freedom in the worship of the Almighty God.'"

Mr. Shiel then goes into some of the early history of the Republican party, showing that it declared, in its very first platform, for "the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience." He also refers to the services rendered the Republic by Catholic statesmen and soldiers, and says that the bigots are to be found in all parties, trying to dictate their peculiar policy. "I know," he continues, "that some Republican state conventions have been so cowardly as to refuse to adopt a plank in their platforms against the A.P.A., but the Republicans in Massachusetts and New Hampshire denounced the A.P.A. in the strongest terms in their platforms at their recent State conventions. No man ought to be elected to an office who is not in favor of guaranteeing to another man what he asks for himself, and in favor of guaranteeing to every man what the constitution guarantees to him—the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Not long ago, in Philadelphia, Zion Lodge, No. 38, of the Independent Order of Free Sons of Israel, a Jewish organization, adopted a resolution denouncing the A.P.A. I have no doubt that, should the A.P.A. succeed in driving all the Catholics out of America, they would next commence on the Jews, and, possibly, then, the Lutherans and Quakers."

Referring to the local politics of Indiana, Mr. Shiel expresses himself as follows: "I call on all good Americans who belong to any creed and firmly believe in the constitution not to vote for men who are known to belong to the A.P.A. It is pretty well known who on the two tickets have joined the A.P.A. Some of them may not be in full sympathy with the cause, yet they have joined it believing it would aid them in securing the nomination and election. In the last month more than a hundred men have come to me and admitted that they joined the organization six or eight months ago, only attended the lodge once or twice and are now sorry they ever joined. Eight months ago they possibly had two thousand enrolled members in this city with perhaps one thousand active members. Now according to my information there are not three hundred active members, and more than half who joined have withdrawn from it. In less than five years from now men will be making affidavits denying that they were ever in the A.P.A., as Isaac P. Gray did, that he never belonged to the 'Knownothing' party. This organization is more contemptible than ever the 'Knownothings' were, as one could tell who the 'Knownothings' were, but no one can tell who belongs to the A.P.A. until one of his brother members has given him away, and that is done now every day. Almost every day I am stopped on the street corner by an ex-member of the A.P.A. to tell me how sorry he is that he ever joined it, at the same time giving me names of other members of his camp. Murder will always out."

ORRIN N. CARTER'S CANDIDACY.

Hardly a candidate on any of the tickets before the people has made a more active campaign than Mr. Orrin N. Carter, Republican candidate for the County Judgeship. Mr. Carter is a man of fine attainments, of pleasing presence and of incorruptible honesty. As a lawyer he ranks deservedly high in his profession, and he would be an ornament and a credit to the county bench. The election of Mr. Carter would insure absolute fairness in regard to the ballot, and people of all parties would feel absolutely secure in his hands. What all decent people want is a fair election, without fear or favor. It is unfortunate that there is abroad a suspicion that elections have not been fairly conducted in this city or county of late. The suspicion may have no tangible foundation, but that it exists in the public mind is beyond question. The election of Mr. Carter to the position of County Judge would banish the idea, and the county court would be as Cæsar's wife.

M'KINLEY AND REED SHOULD SHOW THEIR LIBERALITY.

The Hon. William McKinley, of Ohio, made a great Protection speech at the First Regiment Armory Monday evening to an audience that swelled much beyond the limit of the great building, and, as usual, was interesting and convincing. Mr. McKinley is a good and patriotic American, but we would think him a far greater man than he now appears to be, if he only gave the bigots who are tyring to ride the great Republican party to death, the tongue-lashing they so richly deserve. He has had several opportunities to do it, but, up to date, he has not fulfilled his duty in this respect. The same is unfortunately true of his gifted yokefellow, Thomas B. Reed of Maine. What are these gentlemen afraid of? Hill, of New York, the famous Democrat, has declared for freedom of conscience. So also has his Republican rival for the governorship, the Hon. Levi P. Morton. William B. Allison, of Iowa, has made an equally glorious record. Why do Brothers McKinley and Reed stand dumb and idle on this subject? Are they afraid to uphold the Constitution of the United States? They certainly cannot expect Catholic support in their presidential aspirations if they fear to break a lance for freedom of conscience, which is dearer to most Catholics than even material prosperity. They should remember how the mere suspicion of timidity on this very question destroyed the presidential hopes of James G. Blaine in 1884, when Bigot Burchard uttered the words that have "damned him to everlasting fame"—Rum, Romanism and Rebellion.

THE CITIZEN sincerely admires both McKinley and Reed. In point of intellect, as of character, they are a credit to this country, but they are strongly in evidence as presidential aspirants, and if they display moral cowardice in such an issue as that raised by the A.P.A., they must not be disappointed if the laurels are given to some man less popular, but more courageous. There is plenty of good presidential timber in the Republican party. If Morton carries New York against Hill, he will be a most formidable rival of the two great orators of the party. Allison, too, has a strong hold on the popular heart. Both these gentlemen are as good protectionists as either Reed or McKinley, and they have put themselves on record as friends of religious liberty. There, too, is Benjamin Harrison—in many respects the ablest President America has had. Benjamin is still a power in the land, and he has no use for Knownothingism.

WILLIAM LORIMER'S CAMPAIGN.

Mr. William Lorimer, candidate for Congress in the Second District, is a young man in years, having been born in 1861, but is an "old parliamentary hand" in local politics. He first came into notice during the campaigns of 1882 and 1884, in the old Second District, when he made himself conspicuous on tha side of the independent candidate for Congress. He delivered several effective speeches, and soon became generally known to fame in that section of the city. He rendered signal service to the Hon. John A. Roche, when that gentleman ran for and was elected to the office of mayor. Mr. Lorimer was appointed stperintendent of the water main extension service by Mr. Roche, in recognition of his zealous work as a Republican organizer. Under the succeeding mayor, Hempsted Washburne, William Lorimer was promoted to the general superintendency of the Water Department—a position in which he won golden opinions from all classes in the community. He was nominated in 1892 by the Republican party for the clerkship of the Superior court, but, of course, went down with the party ticket in the great landslide of that year, although he more than held his own against such tremendous odds. In fact he showed such strength that he had no difficulty in securing the nomination from his party in the new Second District.

Many interested people, in the hostile sense, have sought to disparage Mr. Lorimer before the people, but upon grounds so puerile that their accusations help rather than hinder his advancement. He went into the republican National Convention of 1892 as a friend and ardent supporter of the illustrious James G. Blaine, which, certainly, is nothing to be ashamed of or to apologize for. He is charged with having a large following among the Democrats, and so he has, but, surely, that is not a crime. A large and respectable body of Democrats are sincere Protectionists, and, as such, they support Mr. Lorimer in preference to any other candidate. They have confidence in his ability, his honesty and his patriotism. The friend of Blaine cannot help being the consistent friend of American labor. Mr. Lorimer has made a masterly campaign, and certainly deserves to be victorious.

THE NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

It is said that old Prince Bismarck, the oldest and the greatest of German statesmen, is disappointed at not being called upon by Kaiser Wilhelm to accept once more the chancellorship of the Empire, on the retirement of Von Caprivi from that office. Instead, the Emperor has chosen the almost equally celebrated Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst, lately military governor of Alsace-Lorraine, a man over 70, fiercely anti-French, intensely patriotic, in the broad German sense, and quite likely to cut a figure as a disturber of the peace of Europe. He succeeded to his present title, on the death of a brother, in 1845, and soon became a power in Bavarian statesmanship, eventually becoming prime minister of that government. He was among the first of the prominent advocates of an united Germany. The rest of his career is summed up thus:

"In 1868-9 he was elected vice president of the customs parliament of the German federation. In his capacity as foreign minister of Bavaria he issued his famous circular of April 9, 1869, directing the attention of the European cabinets to the serious consequences likely to arise from the decree of the ecumenical council of the vatican. Hoping to get the Pope to withdraw his political opposition, and viewing mere religious innovation with extreme indifference, the Prussian government alighted the warnings of the Bavarian minister, and refused to take action against the contemplated decrees. In consequence of this desertion by the principal exponent of the unity party, Prince Hohenlohe could not hold out against the combined attacks of the particularists, Catholics and Austriacants in the Bavarian parliament, and had to resign (March 7, 1870). He then resumed his seat in the Munich house of peers, and in a few months, on France threatening war, made himself conspicuous by insisting upon the participation of Bavaria in the great national feud. Upon the successful termination of the war in 1871 he was elected member of the first German parliament, and, in recognition of his patriotism, immediately became vice-president thereof. In May, 1874, after the deplorable exit of Count Henry Arnim, Prince Hohenlohe was chosen German ambassador in Paris. He was one of the German plenipotentiaries in the congress of 1878. In August of that year he was re-elected to the reichstag on the second ballot at Forchheim, Kulmbach, Bavaria, polling 9,800 votes, while his competitor had 8,600. After the death of Marshal Manteuffel Prince Hohenlohe was appointed governor of Alsace-Lorraine, a position which he held until appointed chancellor of the empire to succeed Caprivi."

BE sure to put a cross in the square before the name of Francis Agnew, candidate for county commissioner, on election day. Mr. Agnew would make one of the best members that the county board has ever known.

NOW THAT the Paris Fund, so-called, is in the hands of Justin McCarthy, we hope it will be immediately applied to its legitimate purpose—that of relieving the distress of the faithful and courageous tenant farmers, who stood by the Plan of Campaign. It is understood that about one-sixth of the fund is to be applied to the liquidation of debts of honor incurred by both sections of the Irish Parliamentary party, and, on this basis, the release of the money was agreed to by the leaders of the two sections. This is sensible, just, and worthy of commendation. Now, why cannot the Irish parliamentarians settle their own differences with equal amiability? Are they aware that, by so doing, they would again place the cause of Irish self-government in the forefront of the world's consideration?

THEODORE OEHNE says he is going to win the prize of County Treasurership. Mr. Oehne has always been fortunate in his undertakings, and is, in all respects, an admirable citizen, but he has found in D. H. Kochersperger a foeman worthy of his steel. Much of the interest of the coming election is centered on these two doughty champions.

PRESSURE on our space last week prevented a report of the Columbus Club celebration in memory of the landing of Christopher Columbus in the West Indies. There was a very large attendance of members and guests. Mr. William A. Amberg presided, and addresses were delivered by the president, Mr. Amberg; W. J. Hynes, who acted as toastmaster; the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, who responded to the toast of "His Holiness Pope Leo XIII"; Hon. T. A. Moran; President Harper, of the Chicago University; James F. Meagher; Hon. J. W. Duncan; Washington Hesing; Hon. T. E. Tarsney, of Michigan; Rev. Chancellor Muldoon; Rev. P. J. Agnew and other distinguished people.

HENRY WULFF, Republican candidate for State Treasurer, and B. J. Claggett, the Democratic standard-bearer, are having plenty of exercise these times attending to their fences. Gen. O. L. Mann, the Independent candidate, made a fierce attack on Mr. Wulff, at a public meeting held in this city on Wednesday evening. There is blood on the stars, in consequence, and stirring times are looked for.

ARE there any honest or even well-meaning public officials left in America? This is a question which suggests itself to the average citizen as he reads his morning Republican or his evening Democratic newspaper, as the case may be. He will find in the editorial columns of either sufficient growling, yelping, snarling and barking to make him imagine himself, if cold type could only utter sound, in the immediate neighborhood of a dog pound. Everybody who holds office, from the President down to the town constable, is ferociously assailed on one ground or another. The caricaturist is more than ever in requisition, and it might be easily conceived that the penitentiaries have been emptied in order to provide candidates for public office in the United States.

THE fourteenth annual banquet and reunion of the graduates of the Friendly Association of St. Patrick's Commercial Academy occurred at the Columbus Club on Monday evening, and was very largely attended. Addresses were made by Robert M. Sweitzer, Norris F. Blanc, Brother Baldwin, John H. Penny, Rev. T. F. Galligan, Brother Adjutor, Lieut. Morgan A. Collins, of the police department, and others.

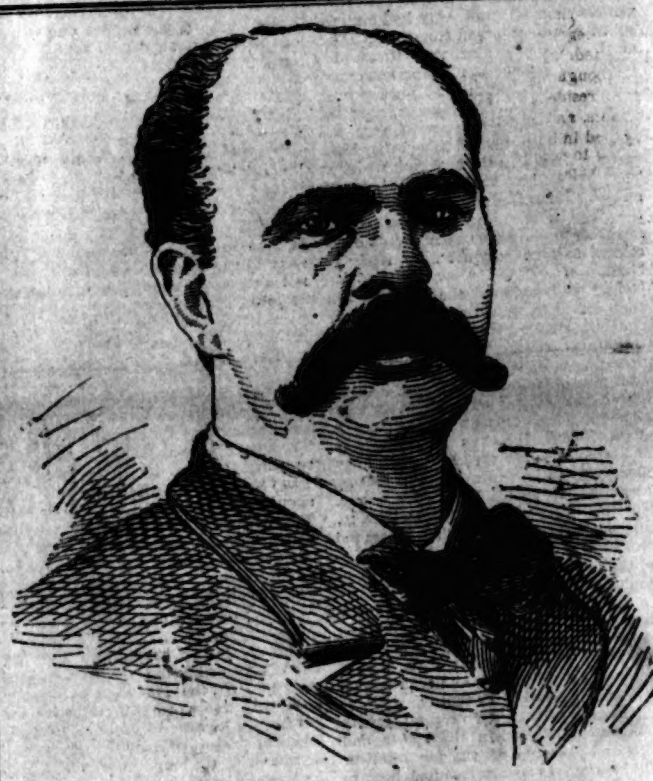
JOHN P. HOPKINS, mayor of Chicago, had John R. Tanner, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, arrested for criminal libel on Wednesday. The alleged libelous matter was contained in a circular sent out from the Republican headquarters and signed by Col. Tanner. It was entirely of a political character. Col. Tanner gave bonds before Justice Prindiville and waived examination.

D. D. HEALY and George Edmanson, who are running on the Republican and Democratic tickets respectively for the chairmanship of the county board, are both veterans in politics. The only advantage George possesses over Dan in the fight is a patriarchal beard, which recalls Michael Angelo's statue of Moses. But there the resemblance ends. There was but *one* Moses. There are many Edmansons.

THE battle in the Fourth Congressional District is raging more fiercely than ever. At last advices Tim Ryan was six weddings, four christenings, three wakes and five funerals ahead of his competitors, with Lawler a close second. Charley Woodman was forging ahead on oratory, but was short on the weddings and the wakes, while P. J. Miniter was making frantic efforts to keep up with the procession.

P. V. FITZPATRICK.
(Candidate for State Senator in the First District.)

The Republicans of the First Senatorial District, comprising the First, Second, and Third Wards, have been exceedingly fortunate in selecting as their candidate Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, who was a gallant Union soldier and is an exemplary citizen. Faithful to the great land of his adoption, he has never forgotten the cause of the motherland, and Ireland has few as earnest friends in this country as P. V. Fitzpatrick. He was born in Ireland in 1840, came to America in boyhood, was educated in Toledo, O., and first saw Chicago in 1858. At the commencement of the Civil war, he enlisted in the Ninth Illinois Cavalry, rose to the rank of sergeant-major, and was severely wounded at the battle of Moscow, Tenn., in December 1863. This wound compelled his honorable discharge from the army in April 1864, when he was appointed one of the original carriers in the Chicago postoffice. He held the position for several years, and finally engaged in the book, stationery, and news business at No. 154 Twenty-second street, where he has been located for the last twenty years. He is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and other veteran organizations, and is also prominently connected with patriotic and benevolent Irish societies. THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes to be able to congratulate Mr. Fitzpatrick on his election after next Tuesday.



DANIEL F. GLEESON.
(Candidate for Clerk of the Criminal Court.)

Capt. Daniel F. Gleeson, candidate on the People's ticket for Clerk of the Criminal Court, is a native of the southern portion of the historic county of Tipperary, and is now about 47 years of age. He came to this country in the middle "'Sixties," and served a term in the Sixty-ninth Regiment of the New York National Guard. About the period of the great fire, he came to this city and engaged in business. He has always been prominently identified with the cause of labor, and has taken an active interest in local politics from the first years of his arrival here to the present. In 1882 and again in 1884, he was chairman of the Independent campaign committee in the Second Congressional District, and proved himself a man of good executive ability. In 1886, he ran for Congress in that district on the Labor ticket and was ostensibly defeated by the insignificent majority of fourteen votes. He received the nomination for the Criminal Court clerkship from the People's party without any effort on his own part, and all his friends seem to be confident of his election. Capt. Gleeson is a man of fine appearance and was the original commander of the Clan-na-Gael Guards in this city. He is married and has a large family. His popularity is phenomenal, particularly in the West Division.

SECRETARY CARLISLE has won a great victory. He has ordered Levi P. Morton's English coachman to be sent home, under the anti-contract law, which, however, does not seem to fit the case. It is a small victory for the doughty secretary. He has conquered John Thomas and his cockade. He has tweaked John Bull's breeks if not his nose, and expects to gain great popularity by his action. The secretary is mistaken. The people of this country don't want to bar out English *men*, but they are resolved to bar out English *goods*. Do you mind that, smart man from Covington?

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years it was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore it requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

JOHN O'BRIEN LUMBER COMPANY.

One of the most enterprising firms in the city is the John O'Brien Lumber Company, whose yards are situated at Twenty-second and Throop streets. They have on hand an inexhaustible supply of lumber, lath, shingles and mouldings, of all varieties, and are noted for the promptitude with which they fill their orders. Out of town customers receive the same attention as those in the city, and correspondence is invited. Customers are invited to send for delivered price lists, which will be found to give satisfaction. Those in the city who wish to deal with the firm in person can take Blue Island or Centre avenue cars to the yards. This lumber company has been doing a splendid business, and it is steadily increasing, as it deserves to do. Don't forget the John O'Brien Lumber Co.

ALEXANDER III., Czar of all the Russias, died at Livadia Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock. He is succeeded by his son, Nicholas II.

A few days ago a shocking accident occurred near Newry. Mr. Wakefield Richardson, of Bessbrook, was out partridge-shooting and fired at a covey which rose from a corn-field. The shots from his gun struck James McNulty, Patrick McNulty and Bridget Creggon, who were working in an adjoining field. The woman was seriously injured and the men hurt slightly.

D. H. KOCHERSPERGER.

(Candidate for County Treasurer.)

When the Republican county convention nominated Mr. D. H. Kochersperger for county treasurer by acclamation, it did what is now known to every voter in Cook county, placed on its ticket one of the strongest—if not the strongest—candidates that has ever appealed to the intelligence of the voters of this county.

Mr. Kochersperger's career as a business man is one which the younger generation might well emulate. Educated in the public schools of Philadelphia, he made his way slowly but surely into business fields where industry, honesty and integrity were recognized and appreciated.

Although born in Philadelphia, he has been a resident of Chicago for a number of years, and has always been actively engaged in business, never having been willing to accept an office, either elective or appointive, to which any emolument was attached. Although chairman of the Republican county central committee for some years, and a frequent contributor of his services and money to the welfare of the party, he has persistently refused reward at the hands of his party. Such a man well deserves the confidence, esteem and votes of the laboring classes of this community.

Beginning as a poor man, Mr. Kochersberger has worked his way forward in the business community until he now stands as the embodiment of all that is successful in business. He is at the present time first vice-president of The Werner Company, which is the largest printing and publishing house in the United States. He is also a director in the Oakland National Bank, is a member of the A.O.U.W., Royal Arcanum, Royal League and Masonic fraternity, and president of the Oakland Club.

He is a man of broad ideas, and has never been bound by petty partisan alliances. The laboring man has always had in him a friend and consistent supporter, and as he will have the support of the masses, irrespective of political party, in the coming election, his vote promises to exceed that of any other candidate now before the public. His qualifications for the duties of county treasurer are numerous, and when elected, as he undoubtedly will be, he will serve the county in an honest, just and capable manner.

JAMES PEASE,

(Candidate for Sheriff).

Mr. Pease is a well known business man of Lake View. He has been actively engaged in public affairs for many years and is a Republican of strength and resources. Mr. Pease was born in Kenosha, Wis., forty-three years ago. There he received his early education in the common schools. In the year 1867 he came to Chicago and accepted a position as bookkeeper for a wholesale flour house until the big fire of 1871 ended the connection. Following that period he engaged in the painting and decorating business for himself, and his success has been continuous.

In 1885 Mr. Pease was elected a member of the Lake View board of education, and served as chairman of the building and grounds committee of that body. He has been largely instrumental in building and improving many of the present school buildings of Lake View. He has held the position of assessor for nine years, with an increased majority at each election. His first majority was only 67, but at his last return to the office he went in with the handsome majority of 4,100. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias, Royal League, Royal Arcanum, National Union, the Foresters, Chicago Athletic Club, Marquette Club, and several other organizations. Mr. Pease has shown his capacity for public affairs also in his work during the past two years as a member of the Republican State central committee.

Mr. Pease's liberality in regard to religious matters is so widely known that many of his friends were astonished at reading in a Democratic paper sometime ago an affidavit from a man named Fishback, in which the candidate for the shrievalty was grievously wronged. Steps were at once taken to convince Fishback of his error, with the following result:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss—Peter Fishback, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the same person who on the 6th day of October, 1894, made and subscribed to an affidavit in which he stated "that on the 3d day of October, 1894, James Pease, the Republican candidate for sheriff, remarked that 'no Catholic will hold office after the November election of 1894.'" Since that time I have seen and been introduced to James Pease, the Republican candidate for sheriff, and I now state that the person whom I heard make the above mentioned remark and James Pease are not identical, but that said James Pease never in my hearing or presence made any such remark.

PETER FISHBACK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of October, 1894.

JOHN J. HEALY, Notary Public.

In presence of William Vocke.

Mr. Pease is an indefatigable campaigner, and has visited nearly every portion of the city and county in furtherance of his canvass. If elected, as his friends all claim he will be, Mr. Pease will make a model sheriff.

GEORGE E. WHITE.

(Candidate for Congress, Fifth District).

George E. White was born in Massachusetts, in 1848, finished a university education at 16, and immediately enlisted in the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts Veteran Volunteers, with which regiment he followed Grant from the Wilderness to the surrender of Lee and the downfall of the Rebellion. In 1867 he came to Chicago, securing employment in a lumber yard at $50 per month, engaging in business for himself the following year. This business has grown and prospered under Mr. White's judicious management, until now it is numbered as one of the most important industries even in this city of colossal enterprises. Mr. White's election to the common council, in 1873, marked his entrance into political life, where his career was stamped with vigor and untiring energy. He served three terms in the council, and was elected a member of the State senate in 1878, serving two terms.

During Mr. White's term of service in the senate his name was coupled with more important measures than that of any other single member. On June 28, 1885, he, with the co-operation of Wm. E. Mason, secured the adoption of a bill providing for submission to a vote of the people of the State of an amendment to the constitution prohibiting contract convict labor. This amendment was adopted, after a two days' continuous battle, during the whole of which time Mr. White was on his feet contending for the right of labor to be freed from prison competition. Altogether Mr. White was the author of about forty bills, among them being the one creating the park system of this city; a bill to reduce sleeping car charges; amending garnishment laws; reducing interest from 10 to 7 per cent; providing for the payment of interest on money deposited for gas meters; for the relief of disabled members of the police and fire departments; for licensing engineers; providing for the stamping of articles manufactured in penal institutions, and others of like nature. At the close of Mr. White's second term in the senate, in 1886, he retired from public life, devoting his entire time thereafter to the increasing demands of his private business.

Mr. White is the nominee of the Republican party for Congressman in the Fifth District of Illinois, a nomination that will be indorsed by an overwhelming majority of the people of the district on election day. Mr. White will have the people with him because they admire his progressive manhood and sterling qualities. He is a man of the people, but every inch a leader of men. He is an enthusiastic Chicagoan, and will never allow Chicago's interests to suffer while he represents them in Washington. Himself an extensive employer, he is personally familiar with the needs of labor from a legislative standpoint, and stands ready to further the interests of labor to the best of his ability, and he possesses in a rare degree the faculty of accomplishing what he undertakes.

E. J. MAGERSTADT.

(Candidate for Clerk of the Criminal Court).

Ernest J. Magerstadt, the Republican nominee for Clerk of the Criminal Court, is one of the most popular young German-Americans in Cook county. Aside from being a clever politician he is an excellent business man. He is a man of his word in politics and in trade. Mr. Magerstadt was born in Germany in 1864. When he was still an infant his parents came to this country and settled in Chicago. The head of the family was a cabinetmaker by trade and he opened a furniture store in the Fifth Ward. When young Magerstadt was 14 years of age, his father died, and the support of his mother fell upon his shoulders. He was brave and ambitious and met the responsibility like a man. He had attended the Mosley School, and Business College in the evenings, and was fairly well prepared for a boy of his years. He entered the coal business and has been engaged in that line of trade ever since. Seven or eight years ago Mr. Magerstadt became interested in Republican politics and he has been actively identified with that organization ever since. He has been prominent in the caucuses and conventions of the party and has always been a man of great influence. The party leaders were prompt in recognizing his ability, and soon learned that he would not make a promise he could not fulfill. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1892, representing the old Second District, and was the youngest delegate on the floor of that great political arena at Minneapolis. He was also very prominent in the Swift campaign last December. Mr. Magerstadt is married and has an interesting family of three children. He is a member of a number of societies, among others being Dearborn Lodge, No. 310, A. F. A. M.; Court Apollo No. 96, I. O. F., and McClellan Council National Union.

A. O. COOPER.

(Candidate for Clerk of the Probate Court).

Mr. A. O. Cooper, candidate for Clerk of the Probate court of Cook county on the Republican ticket, has, by industry and economy, made a business success in life, as proprietor and owner of the celebrated "Blue Label Cigar," a brand of union-made cigars in high favor with the public. Mr. Cooper was prominent in the management of the campaign which elected Hempstead Washburne mayor of Chicago. The colored people feel an especial interest in Mr. Cooper's success, for the reason that he is in favor of giving them fair and just recognition in proportion to their numerical voting strength. Mr. Cooper is the son of God-fearing, liberty-loving parents, whose house sheltered the poor slave who sought liberty and protection—through the underground railroad—from slavery to freedom. These facts are well known to thousands living in Chicago and will doubtless add great strength to the Republican ticket. It is conceded that Mr. Cooper will be elected by an overwhelming majority.

A. O. Cooper was born in Burlington, Iowa, March 9, 1858, and came to Chicago in 1870. He has been in the wholesale cigar and tobacco business since about 1876, but has always been an industrious student and a worthy type of Western civilization, while his exceptional gift of oratory has often been brought into play on the rostrum and in conventions during political contests. He is the owner of a large and comprehensive library, a man of brains, and thoroughly posted on all the leading issues of the day. His able and meritorious services in the cause of his party for years past have given him the confidence and respect of its voters. He has been on every campaign committee of his ward for seventeen years, mostly as chairman, and for over six years has been president of the Twelfth Ward Republican Club.

His residence of over a quarter of a century here has given him a host of friends, and he is highly respected and esteemed by his neighbors, while his participation in and his record in the way of encouraging and fostering literary and debating societies has given him the sobriquet of the "Nestor" of those societies on the great West Side. Mr. Cooper is the promoter and originator in fact of the Chicago public night schools. He has never held office of any kind; is an upright, honest man, a genial, courteous gentleman, and well qualified in every respect to fill the position for which he has been named—that of Clerk of the Probate court.

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THE FOURTEENTH.

CALL FOR THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR CONVENTION.

Strong Document Issued by the Executive Council—"Now Is the Time That Tries Men's Soul," and the Need For Labor Organization Is Greater Than Ever Before.

The following call has been issued by President Samuel Gompers and the executive council of the American Federation of Labor:

To the Trade Unionists of America, Greeting:

Pursuant to our laws, you are hereby notified that the fourteenth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor will be held in the Old Chamber of Commerce, Fourteenth and Lawrence streets, Denver, and will be called to order at 10 o'clock in the morning of Dec. 10, 1894, and continue in session each succeeding day until the business before the convention shall be concluded.

In inviting the trade unionists of America to participate in our convention it is not amiss to call your attention to the fact that the past year has witnessed strange scenes and incidents, so strange that the whole world stood aghast lest the free institutions of our country were about to be shattered, the rights secured and guaranteed were to be treated with contempt and the liberties of our people trampled under foot.

The judiciary, yielding to the wealth and bidding of avaricious corporations, has, by the flagrant issuance of injunctions restraining union men from exercising their legal and natural rights and punishing them for contempt, practically flung to the winds the right of trial by jury. The right of the masses of labor to organize for self protection is placed in jeopardy, the courts deciding our organizations to be conspiracies.

For the first time in the history of the country and in contravention to all constitutional law and rights the federal troops, in spite and against the protests of the state authorities, were sent into several states ostensibly to maintain interstate commerce uninterrupted, but in truth to overawe workmen engaged in a contest in defense of their rights and to aid their fellow workers. These facts must receive our consideration, and in no uncertain tones must we declare our position upon them and our unceasing effort for their solution and the final emancipation of labor.

For more than a year the people of our country have been suffering from a great industrial, commercial and financial crisis. Hundreds of thousands of our fellow workers have been vainly seeking opportunities to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. Though this lack of employment is in nowise the fault of the workers, yet the unemployed are mainly dependent upon our efforts for permanent relief; hence wise legislation, some tangible, even heroic, action of our convention will be necessary to relieve us from those awful conditions which confront us. Some action must be taken by which both those overemployed and unemployed may be benefited and relieved of their burdens.

The failure of congress to give heed to the voice and demands of labor in legislation deserves our greatest thought.

The efforts to unite labor's forces must be carried on to a successful end.

The programme submitted to the last convention will be reported upon, and it will require all the experience, tact, judgment, earnestness and honesty of our fellow unionists to take such action as will protect and further the interests and welfare of the wage earners in connection with this and all other matters which will be brought before our convention.

"Now is the time that tries men's souls." It requires all the courage, virtue and manhood within us to withstand the fearful havoc the consequences of the moneyed power, the corporate and capitalist class, in their rush to gratify their avarice and greed.

In this scramble women of labor are the victims and children the sacrifices. Even men without organization, without intelligence and without the tenacity of purpose to maintain their rights are mowed down and crushed beneath the juggernaut of mammon. The only hope for the perpetuity of the institutions of our country, the safety of women and defense of children, the protection of our manhood and the progress of our race, lies in the organization of the masses of labor. The demands of the toilers of America can only find intelligent expression and become crystallized into laws and habits of daily life by organization in the unions of labor and by representation at the conventions of the American Federation of Labor.

The representation in the convention will be upon the following basis: International and national unions with less than 4,000 members, one delegate; for 4,000 members or more, two delegates; for 8,000 members or more, three delegates; for 16,000 members or more, four delegates; for 32,000 members or more, five delegates, and so on. Local, trade or federal labor unions, state federations, central labor unions, trades assemblies or trades councils, one delegate each. All organizations to be entitled to representation must have a certificate of affiliation (charter) at least 30 days before the date upon which the convention is to be held. Any delegate representing a union must be a member of the union, and if not a craftsman of the trade union which sends him the union must give the reason why such delegate was chosen. Delegates must be elected at least two weeks before the time of holding the convention.

The trades unions of Denver have appointed a reception committee, the members of which will be at the railroad stations at the times delegates will notify them of their contemplated arrival and routes of travel. Delegates desirous of being received by the reception committee should notify Mr. Roady Kenehan, 1548 Wazel street, Denver.

STRASSER'S ECONOMIC LAW.

The Growth of Labor Organizations Closely Allied to Panics.

Mr. A. Strasser of Buffalo, ex-president of the Cigar Makers' International union, is enthusiastic in his belief in the future progress of the labor movement, and he is convinced that in time the entire working population of the country will be thoroughly organized. To the development of organization in the past he has given much close and deep study, and from his observations he has deduced what he calls the economic law of development.

According to Mr. Strasser, the growth of organized labor in every civilized country is closely related to the periods of financial and industrial depression that come at almost regular intervals.

"In England," he said to the writer, "there were panics in 1817, 1827, 1837, 1847, 1857, 1867, 1877, and there is depression there now, somewhat in advance of schedule time. After each panic the labor movement has grown enormously. When the period of depression recurs, there is always a falling off again, but the drop is much less than the advance, so that each time a fresh beginning has to be made the foundation is broader and stronger, and in the long run the movement is ever progressive. In other words, two forward steps are taken to every backward one.

"In the United States panics and the growth of the labor movement began later than in England for the reason, of course, that American industries are younger than English ones. The first panic here came in 1837, the next in 1857. Then there was trouble in 1873, then in 1884, and then in 1893 came the depression from which we are just beginning to recover. You see that the panic period is decreasing in this country, and I believe we shall suffer business depression here in the future every ten years. Now, as to the labor movement in America, its progress and its intimate connection with panics. Not to go too far back into history, there were, at the close of the panic in the year 1877, 40,000 members of labor organizations in the United States. When business revived, the organizations increased, and more rapidly than ever before. By the time the hard times of 1884 began the unions numbered fully 250,000 members. The immediately following depression brought the number down to 200,000, but that, it will be observed, was five times as great as the total membership of 1877. In 1886, with the increase of business, came a corresponding increase of membership of organized labor, which at high water mark reached at least 90,000. The panic of 1893-4 of course caused a falling off, and a severe one. The number at present is probably 450,000. This, you will observe, however, is more than ten times as many as the total membership in 1877.

"By 1896, in my opinion, there will be a considerable revival of business, which will increase greatly in the years following, and the membership of the organizations will, in my judgment, reach 1,250,000 by the time the high tide of business is with us again. Then certain classes of workingmen will be organized that have never been brought into the fold before, as was the case in England when the revival of 1889-90 was followed by the organization of the dock laborers, the matchmakers, the transatlantic sailors, all workers who had never before been induced to unite for their common good.

"The revival, of course, will be marked by many strikes for increased wages, the same as periods of depression are marked by strikes against reduction of wages. Now," concluded Mr. Strasser, "by 1903, in which year, according to my calculation, we shall be again visited by depression, the organizations will be enormously stronger, both in numbers and in plan, than ever before."

Unemployed Labor In France.

The latest returns of the central labor office in Paris are not particularly encouraging, according to the statistics just published. In the country districts 67 per cent of the agricultural laborers are out of work, while in the wine districts of the Cher and Herault the number of idle hands amounts to from 75 to 80 per cent. As a set off, all but 3 per cent of the miners and quarrymen are fully occupied. In the food trades 7 per cent of the bakers, 20 per cent of the cooks and 15 per cent of the butchers' men are without occupation. The state of things in Paris, as acknowledged by the representatives of the various trades unions, is still worse. Whereas only 7 per cent are wanting work in the book trades in the provinces, the number is 19 per cent in Paris, while 13 per cent of the workmen in the leather and fur dressing trades, 27 per cent of the shoemaking trade and 77 per cent of the glove trade are out of work.

It is reckoned that of the men engaged in the mechanical, spinning and weaving industries 12 per cent are idle; among the hand loom weavers, 31 per cent; in the hosiery trade, 24 per cent; in the dyeing, bleaching and sizing trades, 13 per cent; in the lace and embroidery trades, 36 per cent; of the upholsterers, 15 per cent; of the tailors, 20 per cent, and of the hatters, 16 per cent.

Illinois Federation.

The Omaha platform of 1892 has been indorsed by the Illinois branch of the American Federation of Labor, as also the Springfield platform of July 4, 1894, of the laborers and agriculturists, in favor of the People's Party. A resolution has also been passed pledging the Illinois State Federation of Labor to support the state, congressional, county and local tickets of the People's Party in Illinois during the coming campaign. Among the resolutions adopted was one that the supreme court of Illinois be requested to render a decision upon the contested provision of the eight hour law for women and children employed in factories and shops; also one that Sunday closing in Chicago be indorsed and the city council of Chicago be requested to pass the Sunday ordinance.

UNIONS AND APPRENTICES.

A Current Charge Against Labor Organizations Thoroughly Disproved.

Professor Bemis has done a real service to the labor organizations of the United States in disproving the very current charge that they discriminate against American boys in choosing apprentices to the various mechanical trades, and that therefore native born Americans are unable to engage in such occupations. This assertion, which has gained wide credence, was made some time ago in an article in The Century Magazine in these words:

"The American boy has no rights which organized labor is bound to respect. He is denied instruction as an apprentice, and if he be taught his trade in a trade school he is refused admission to nearly all trade unions and is boycotted if he attempts to work as a nonunion man. The question of his character and skill enters into the matter only to discriminate against him. All the trade unions of the country are controlled by foreigners, who comprise a great majority of their members. While they refuse admission to the born American boy, they admit all foreign applicants with little or no regard to their training or skill."

These allegations, if they could be substantiated, would be a serious thing for organized labor. There is no more room in this country for industrial organizations which discriminate against the native born than for political organizations which ostracize those of foreign origin. "Know Nothingism" and "apaism" are as detestable in business as in politics. Professor Bemis, however, has demonstrated, we think, without leaving room for reasonable doubt, that this very serious charge against our labor unions is without foundation. It is a pity that his article did not appear in one of the popular magazines of general circulation rather than in the purely economic publication in which it was given space, and which circulates mainly among college professors and theoretical students of politics. It would be well for people interested in furthering the cause of organized labor to procure the publication of a careful summary of it as widely as possible.

It is impracticable in a necessarily brief article to give any just idea of the extent of the investigation which Professor Bemis made before announcing his conclusions. He, however, explains his method with sufficient explicitness to warrant confidence in the results obtained. As to the assertion that foreigners control our labor unions and refuse admission to the American born boy he says:

"While the foreign born are in the majority in many of the hard handed industries, this is not because of our labor organizations, but often in spite of their efforts—of late increasing—to prevent, by restricting immigration, this form of competition of those with a lower standard of living. Where the American born are not in our unions it is either because the American boy does not like manual labor, and so is not engaged in the trades in which there are unions, or else he refuses to join the union of his trade. An intense, self sufficient individualism, which was more fitted to our earlier history, where organization of capital was also little developed, than in the present era of the corporation and the trust, keeps a large but of late decreasing percentage of the American boys actually in our trades from joining the unions of those trades."

Of the other charge—namely, that the unions are hostile to the apprenticeship system per se—Professor Bemis says:

"Only 17 of the 48 unions had any national rules restricting apprentices, and only 14 of these unions, with 71,000 members, or 14 per cent of the 500,000 in the 48 unions, reported any success in the enforcement of such rules. Of these 71,000, 9,500 were glass workers, 5,417 were hatmakers, 28,000 were iron molders and 20,000 were journeymen tailors, and these last allowed one apprentice to every journeyman, the apprenticeship lasting four to five years, a very liberal rule. The downfall of the apprenticeship system is largely due to the introduction of machinery and the consequent subdivision of work in large shops. This renders it impracticable for the employer to take a personal interest in each of his men or to give them an all around training. It is more profitable to set the learner at work upon a single machine or branch of work, where he will soon acquire speed. The boy prefers this, because he is eager to begin earning as soon as possible, but the apprenticeship system as managed under modern conditions is at best a poor method of trade instruction."

The disappearance of apprentices is only one of the phenomena in the progressive development of machine production. It is a necessary result of the substitution of purely mechanical labor for the skilled work of trained artificers. The boy who as an apprentice was a helper to the journeyman now becomes his competitor, and save in a very few crafts has so brief a period of tutelage as not to be in the proper sense an apprentice at all. New conditions govern industry today, and he is but blind who would try to solve the problem of labor now by the principles which applied to it three-quarters of a century ago. Yet this is exactly what a host of professed economists are trying to do.—Chicago Times.

Pauper Labor at Home.

The strike among the shirtmakers of New York has brought out some appalling facts. The average wage earnings of the women employed in the factories is from $3 to $5 per week. A girl must sew four collars or four shirt sleeves to make a cent. Surely what Hood says is true. Yet this shirt and collar making industry is the one above all others in which last winter it was said that labor received the benefit of the 100 per cent protection given it. Out upon such hypocrisy! No foreign "pauper" labor works for less wage than these unfortunate girls of New York.—Sioux City Tribune.

LABOR PARLIAMENT.

THAT IS WHAT THE MEETING TO BE HELD IN CHICAGO IS CALLED.

Prominent Thinkers and Leaders Who Will Attend—Officials of Labor Organizations, Employers and Students to Hunt a Way Out of the Industrial War.

The parliament of labor which has been called by the civic federation to meet in Chicago Nov. 13 promises to be a most notable gathering. Replies to the circular letter of invitation have been received from a great many men of prominence as thinkers on economic subjects or as employers or leaders of labor. In almost every case the heartiest approval of the parliament is expressed. In most cases there is a promise to attend.

The letter of invitation sent out also asked for suggestions as to the scope and nature of the proposed conference. This request has in most cases been met in the spirit in which it was made. There is a striking consensus of opinion in favor of making it as practical as possible. The suggestion comes from all sides that the employers of labor and the representatives of labor, as the ones best knowing the actual conditions to be met, should be brought to the front in such a discussion.

The plan of the parliament is modeled on that of the parliament of religion, so successful last year. There is to be nothing in the nature of controversy. Each speaker is to present his own views, not to antagonize or controvert those of others. There is to be the utmost catholicity of tolerance, and every speaker is expected to respect this tolerance. Differences of opinion are not to be allowed to appear as hostilities of thought. Into this parliament is to be poured the result of the thought and investigation of the individual thinkers and investigators of the country. It will form, as it were, a comparative exhibit of all that has been accomplished along the lines of the prevention and settlement of labor troubles and labor disturbances. It will be a collation of the work of many men striving for the same end by different means.

From this aggregate it is hoped by the civic federation, and particularly by its committee on labor and arbitration, that some practical plan may be formulated by which labor troubles may be averted, or at least settled, and the great inconvenience to the public as well as loss to both workingmen and employers be avoided. This is not, however, expected to be accomplished by the parliament. That is to be the forum for the presentation of thoughts and views on the subject. The formulation of such a plan or method as is hoped for will be the result of the efforts of the civic federation's committee, guided by the light which will be thrown on the subject by the discussions of the conference.

Following are extracts from some of the letters received. Others are constantly coming in:

Cardinal Gibbons.—For settling the deplorable disputes between employer and workingman it is my opinion that arbitration is the means most hopeful of effective results. Courts of arbitration have been established in France, and the work accomplished by them has been very satisfactory. Several states in this country have likewise appointed boards of arbitration with happy results. The appointment by the president of a commission to examine into and report the causes of the late disastrous strikes will have a strong moral influence in the right direction. There should not and need not be any conflict between labor and capital, since both are necessary for the public good, and the one depends upon the co-operation of the other. A contest between the employer and employed is as unreasonable and as hurtful to the social body as a war between the head and the hands would be to the physical body. Whoever tries to improve the friendly relations between the proprietors and the labor unions by suggesting the most effectual means of diminishing and even removing the causes of discontent is a benefactor to the community and "our Christian heritage."

F. P. Sargent, Grand Master Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.—I am in hearty accord with the spirit that prompts such a conference, and while I may not be in a position to lend any valuable assistance I would like to avail myself of the opportunity of being a listener and to learn something that would be of advantage to us in the performance of our official duties.

Richard T. Ely, University of Wisconsin.—I am very glad to learn that you propose to hold the conference which you mention. It seems to me that such a conference can be productive only of good. You have my best wishes in your laudable undertaking.

N. O. Nelson, N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company, St. Louis.—I think well of the proposed conference. Speakers should be in the main large employers and recognized labor representatives. They are the ones who would know about the needs and the difficulties to be met. I am fully convinced that a large number of disputes can be settled by affording the opportunity to the contestants to get out of the wrangle they have been led into step by step, but of which they are not at all enamored.

Albert Shaw, Editor Review of Reviews.—It seems to me that nothing could be more timely and that Chicago above all places is the proper spot for the gathering. I shall be very glad to attend the conference, not for any enlightment that I should be able to bring, but for what I should hope and expect to learn.

Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, Washington.—I believe that such a conference would prove of very great value, and I trust you will carry out your programme. I am perfectly willing to attend.

Among others from whom letters have been received expressing approval of the conference and indicating a willingness to assist are: Aldace F. Walker, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad; Archbishop Ireland; E. Benjamin Andrews, Brown university; M. E. Ingalls, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway company; George E. McNeill, Boston; B. O. Flower, editor The Arena, Boston; George Gunton, School of Social Economics, New York; P. M. Arthur, Grand International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; Samuel Gompers, American Federation of Labor; Albert S. Bolles, bureau of industrial statistics, Pennsylvania; M. M. Garland, Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers; Martin Fox, Iron Molders' Union of North America; W. H. Sayward, the National Association of Builders; W. A. Sheahan, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen; Charles Pillsbury, Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills company; Daniel J. Ryan, Columbus; E. W. Middaugh, Chicago and Grand Trunk railway, Detroit; Joseph Bishop, Ohio state board of arbitration.

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

A Latter Day Mrs. Partington Wanes Wroth at the British Trades Congress.

The New York Tribune's London correspondent, George W. Smalley, known irreverently as the "Tory squire" because of his eagerness to serve the English landed aristocracy and to ape their manners, is sorely distressed because of the spread of socialistic doctrines among the English trades unions. The Norwich congress, which by the orderliness of its deliberations and the high intelligence of its members has been a beacon light for labor organizations of other lands, he describes as a socialistic conclave. In tones of horror and amaze he tells of this body's irreverent attacks upon the house of lords, its presumptuous determination to make trades unions a powerful factor in English politics and its denunciation of obstructionary tactics in the house of commons. The purely socialistic demand for the nationalization of all the means of production and distribution inspires him, of course, with the most extreme indignation, but hardly more so than the mere spectacle of these vulgar workingmen presuming to engage at all in politics, which in England from time immemorial has been distinctly a gentleman's game.

Squire Smalley is a sort of latter day Mrs. Partington. His pen makes a pretty fair broom, but with it he cannot sweep back the rising tide of England's industrial ocean. The very classes to which Smalley toadies are responsible for the spread of socialism in England. The British workman, be he farmhand or artisan, has ever been taught the glories of a modified feudalism. He now proposes to have the state do what the land owning class has long pretended to do—furnish him with work, care for him when sick and provide for him in old age. In all nations the revolt of the wageworkers takes the form of a demand for that limited form of socialism involved in the nationalization of all natural monopolies. In America a large and constantly growing class of performers would go no further, building an edifice of healthy individualism upon this socialistic foundation. But in England the individualistic school makes little headway, and it seems fair to believe that the demand for a wholly paternal state has grown out of the pretended paternalism of a privileged aristocracy.

There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of Mr. Smalley's observations, whatever may be thought of the value of his protest. Socialism is progressing with monster strides in England. Nowhere in the world is so systematic, enthusiastic and effective a propaganda being urged as that of the Fabian society of London. Social reformers in all countries may well keep their eyes on England, for not all the protests of Tories and their journalistic allies can check the radical movement in which the brawn and the brain of the nation are united.—Chicago Times.

Arbitration In New Zealand.

One result of the recent Democratic victory in New Zealand will be the passage of a compulsory arbitration law within six months, and it will not be long before this example is followed by the Australian colonies. This law, which, in the opinion of Mr. Reeves, will work satisfactorily and do a vast amount of good, will provide that any association of registered workingmen may file a complaint against an employer and compel him to show cause in court why wages should be reduced or why they should not be raised. Employers, on the other hand, will get the right to compel the association of employees to appear in court in case of a strike. When either party brings the other into court, both parties are to be bound by the court's decision. The act will apply only to registered laborers and incorporated associations and will protect employers against actions brought by laborers not connected with any organization.—Washington Post.

Mr. Wright Too Optimistic.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright makes an assertion which is quite too optimistic to pass unchallenged. "There is not an employer," he says, "that I have met in my life that would not be glad to increase wages if he could, and there is not a workingman whom I know who is not willing to do good, honest service for a good, honest day's pay." Mr. Wright has been singularly fortunate if he has met only employers and employees of this sort. Other men know, if he does not, that there are employers that will not raise wages under any circumstances, however able they may be, unless they are obliged to do so in order to secure the labor desired. They also know that there are employees, and thousands of them, who are quite willing to take all the pay they can get without rendering any equivalent. If all employers and all workmen were such as Mr. Wright describes, there would be little need of arbitration of any sort.—St. Louis Journal.

The Parasite.

The number of independent yeomen who constitute the pride and backbone of a nation is growing relatively smaller, and the number of tenant farmers is increasing most alarmingly. The sum and substance of their discontent may be embodied in the one word usury. So long as there are men who lead luxurious lives without performing any kind of useful labor there always will be widespread discontent and justly so. "In the sweat of thine own face shalt thou earn thy bread," and that is the only moral way. Any one who lives by absorbing the earnings of others is a parasite, and there would be no room for such people in any society based on justice and equity. It doesn't make a particle of difference from what source he derives his income, so long as it represents the earnings of others and not his own, whether it is land monopoly, money monopoly, transportation monopoly or some other monopoly.—Henry Haetgen.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

College Students to Investigate the Tenements For Scientific Purposes.

It is expected that the students of Columbia college will begin within a few days a practical investigation into the social system among the tenements of this city. This new departure in the college curriculum will be directed by the department of sociology, whose work was inaugurated with the opening of the present term.

To President Low it seemed that the best results could be obtained if the students who elected the sociological course could be put in touch with some society or association in the municipality which made a special feature of work among the poor. As the Charity Organization society stands at the head of all the institutions of that kind in the city, its officers were communicated with, with the result that arrangements have been made for what is called "field work" in conjunction with the several district committees of that society.

Of the plan of work to be pursued by the students in sociology, the details of which have been largely arranged by him, Professor Richmond Mayo-Smith said yesterday:

"Our first step in the direction of establishing a practical basis upon which to gain access to the poor of the city was to effect such relations with the Charity Organization society, the University Settlement society and the Brooklyn board of charities that our students could be appointed by those institutions as their agents, to make personal and active investigation into the social condition of the poor.

"It is our intention as the class enlarges to establish independent districts, governed by students, to make independent investigations among the poor. These investigations and the results obtained will be purely for statistical and scientific purposes, and there is nothing of sentiment about them."—New York Herald.

National Bureau Investigations.

Investigations bearing on economic questions are now being made by the bureau of labor. Among these is an exhaustive inquiry into the strikes of the last seven years, but entirely independent of the work of the railroad strike commission. Only facts will be dealt with, including such data as the number of men who struck, the duration of their idleness, the amount of wages lost, the loss of employers, the course of the various strikes, etc.

Another inquiry ordered by congress, the work of which is now being planned, is the effect of machinery on labor. This, of course, involves a study of the whole modern industrial system and a phase of the question in which the workingmen of the country will be intensely interested. The scope of this inquiry will be naturally almost infinite.

Trade organizations will likewise be greatly interested in the third line of inquiry, which, however, will not be commenced before next summer, although plans for conducting it are now being considered. This investigation will take in the most interesting field of the relations of woman to industry. Necessarily it involves a study of all branches of our national industry in which women are now employed or for which they are adapted, the ascertainment of facts going to show where and how they have displaced men, the effect of their employment upon the wages of men, the capacity of woman to contest for a livelihood in the industrial world and her earning capacity.

New York Working Girls.

The strike of the girl cloakmakers I consider one of the most important movements that have taken place in many years. None, except those who are familiar with the conditions of toilers on the east side, can realize the terrible way in which these girls are handicapped in their struggle for a living. That many thousands of girls are unable to earn more than $3 or $4 a week I assert most emphatically. It can be proved by a visit to the east side at any time.

That honest girls—sad truth though it is—are driven to the streets for a living I can assert with equal emphasis. It is a matter of common knowledge among the poor toilers themselves. Struggle as they may, many out of the great multitude fall by the wayside, borne down by the iron hand of poverty, when there is not a friend to help, not a voice to speak a word of encouragement or hope.

Girls earning not more than $3 or $4 a week are sometimes the sole support of a sick father and mother. It is no use to plead these conditions to their employers. All the answer they can get is that they ought to be thankful to get any work to keep them from absolute starvation.

What are these poor girls to do? They cannot go without the necessary clothing. They cannot see their loved ones suffering for want of the necessaries of life. They are hemmed in on all sides, and the end is that they have, in some cases, to go on the streets.—Lizzie Mahony.

The Six Hours' Workday.

Agitation for a working day of six hours only is said to have been in progress for a year or more in some of the trades unions in this country. It is not known just how extensively the matter has been discussed, but the comparison of views appears to have proceeded so far that it is proposed to call formally upon the unions for expressions of opinion as to the advisability of publicly stating a preference for the limitation of work to six hours per day in some of the trades, perhaps beginning with the builders.

At the annual meeting of the National Typographical union, at Louisville, the president recommended the adoption of a shorter working day as one of the things that should be striven for by the printing fraternity in the United States and suggested the accumulation of a large fund for the purpose of prosecuting the fight.

WALKING ON STILTS.

A DISTRICT IN WHICH THIS IS DONE FOR SUBSTANTIAL REASONS.

The Herders and Peasants of Landes Use Stilts In Their Avocations—In Belgium They Had a Festival Which Bore Some Resemblance to Our Football Game.

The curious district of the Landes between Bordeaux and Bayonne mainly consists of heaths and pine woods, interspersed with a few patches, growing barley and a little maize.

The surface of the ground is a dull gray or ash colored sand, and over this unpromising pasture wander scattered flocks of lanky, coarse wooled, ill conditioned sheep, tended by shepherds, who from time immemorial have been noted for walking on stilts, by the assistance of which they are not only able to stalk over the prickly bushes and avoid the disagreeable contingency of filling their shoes with sand, but they attain an elevation not afforded by the level surface of the ground, and from their artificial altitude can overlook their flocks and prevent their sheep from straying. They also carry a long pole that, when stuck into the earth, forms a support against which the shepherds can rest and knit stockings all day long. Altogether the appearance of this extraordinary tripod, of which the apex is a human something in a sheepskin, is weird, not to say alarming.

By the aid of their wooden legs the peasants of the Landes, with very slight exertion and without an exceptionally rapid movement, will go over the ground at a pace which would keep a horse at a hard trot. Nature, however, is a power not to be trifled with and which sooner or later visits with visible censure the violation of biological rules. Consequently the artificially long shanked inhabitants of the Landes are somewhat diminutive in stature and are said to be a not very long lived race. These poor people have to endure severe privations, among which chronic want of water is the cruelest, but of late years steps have been taken to remedy the evil arising from the circumstance that all the streams in the Grandes Landes are brackish.

The railway through this desolate region was built by English engineers, who imported a contingent of English navvies to assist in the most laborious part of the work. Obviously a navvy on stilts would be a grotesque anomaly. The English workmen, therefore, wore French wooden shoes, or sabots, which they carefully stuffed with wool or straw to keep out the sand, but the contractors took care that their employees, when they had finished their toil, should not be constrained to walk long distances through the sandy wilderness, and the men were lodged in a kind of traveling village placed on trucks and pushed on the rails day by day as fast as the line advanced, food and fresh water being sent to them from a distance sometimes of 40 or 50 miles. It must not, however, be supposed that walking on stilts is a custom indigenous to the French Landes. In the middle ages laborers from Flanders were imported to the Garonne for the purpose of draining the marshes, and their presence in this part of France is commemorated in a place still known as Bruet or Bruges. These Flemings probably brought with them their stilts, the ancient Flemish name of which was "schaetse," which would in process of time be naturalized as the French "echasses."

There was formerly an annual festival held at Namur, in Belgium, called the battle of the stilts, and which, to all seeming, was unique in Europe. The youth of the town were divided into two amicably hostile camps under the respective names of "Melans" and "d'Auresses," said to represent two very ancient families of Namur, the relation between whom in bygone times was of the nature of that which existed between the Capulets and Montagues of Verona. On each side there were from 500 to 600 combatants, all mounted on stilts. Each army had its commandant and its regimental officers, together with its distinctive cockade and flags, which last during the action floated from the windows of the hotel de ville.

At the signal for the battle to begin the combatants advanced to the sound of trumpets from two opposite extremities of the Grand place, and the engagement began in right earnest, the object of the wooden legged warriors being to knock each other over, in which laudable endeavor they were cheered by the smiles and wafted kisses of the prettiest maidens of Namur. They were only to use their stilts and their elbows to trip their opponents up, and at a given time the "Hola!" or "Cease kicking!" was sounded, and the army which had knocked over the largest number of legs was declared the victor.

This fantastic exhibition was witnessed in the course of generations by the Emperor Charles V, by Peter the Great of Russia and Napoleon I, but the magistrates of Namur toward the close of the eighteenth century suppressed the battle of stilts as a yearly function because it frequently led to a slightly undesirable occurrence of cracked skulls and fractured arms and legs. France and Flanders cannot, however, lay claim to a monopoly of stilt walking. It is indeed a very ancient manner of locomotion, but in countries not abounding in marshes or in extensive sandy wastes stilts have not been turned to any practical use and have usually only formed part of the stock in trade of showmen and mountebanks for the amusement of the frequenters of fairs and village festivals.

Boys at all times have been accustomed to improvise stilts by means of a couple of poles, with a thong of leather or cord, through which the feet could be passed, and their prowess on these artificial supports has led to their being rewarded by the enthusiastic admiration of the small girls of the village and to their getting from time to time some ugly tumbles.—London Standard.

YELLOW CUR AND COYOTE.

Each In Turn Assumed the Aggressive In an Amusing Fight.

There were three of us in a wagon driving from Springdale, on the railroad, to Hunter's Hot Springs. We had forded the sloughs, that during the season of high water in the Yellowstone cut off the approaches to the bridge, the water filling the wagon box and taking the horses almost off their feet at times in the swirl of the current. One of the dogs from the hotel joined us on terra firma—a mild faced yellow cur, with no fighting qualities. He was trotting along on the road a few rods ahead of the horses when there came loping across the open country a big coyote, making straight for him.

Away went the dog, and after him the wolf. The dog made a stand and took a nip at the wolf. Then the wolf ran, and the dog pursued, but as soon as the dog had overtaken his enemy he changed his mind about attacking him and turned back. Now the wolf gained courage and took up the chase, running the yellow cur clear up to the porch of the hotel at the springs. The party in the team got a good deal of fun out of the novel turn about hunt.

Mendenhall, the landlord, whipped up the team, and we bounced along at a tremendous pace, shouting, "Go it, wolf!" and "Go it, dog!" The landlord yelled encouragement to Stub, the dog, but Stub had no mind for a tussle with the sharp toothed, long nosed brute and was happy to gain the shelter of the hotel. The coyote trotted off across the hills. "What things a fellow will see when he hasn't his gun with him!" remarked one of the men in the wagon. —Northwest Magazine.

THE SEA'S INVASION.

Old Ocean Is Tearing Away the English Coast by the Rod.

The flat marshes of Pevensey have gained half a mile since the days of Edward II, when the sea almost washed the walls of the castle that now stands high and dry inland. The same thing has happened on the Romney flats, where the ancient castle of Lympne has receded a mile or more. Such spots as these look as though the next spring tide would add their grassy meadows to the lost ground of sea bottom. But on the rocky parts of the Antrim coast we have the sea slowly working its way inland, despite the rock fortifications and stony intrenchments that look so resistless. Under the waves lie tracts of bogland that once upon a time must have stood well in shore, and Dunluce bears witness to the ravages that have taken place within a few centuries, a few ticks of the clock as geologists count time.

The sea, ever washing and tearing at its foundations, one day broke down a considerable part of the castle, and several persons were killed by the catastrophe. This was in the days when Dunluce was held by other tenants than the birds. Then a home and a stronghold, now but a memento of past joy and glory.

Another marked example of the insecurity of rock defenses where the sea is the invader occurs at Filey, on the Yorkshire coast. Only 20 years ago there was a pathway running around the ancient church of St. Hilda, which is built on the solid rock. Now this is so broken away on the seaward side that it is impassable. Another 20 years may see the church undermined.—Argosy.

He Met His Match.

He was all that's brave and manly. He had emulated Stanley and had traversed wilds where white man ne'er had set his foot before. He just gloried in a battle, for he loved to hear the rattle of the bullets and the sounding of the cannon's deadly roar.

He would fight a hundred people. He would climb the highest steeple, though he knew by that rash act he was courting certain death. He would face a raging tiger, he would swim the turbid Niger, and he'd walk up to a cannon's mouth and never bate his breath.

There was nothing that could scare him. He ventured in the harem of the wildest, fiercest pasha that e'er lived on Turkey's coast. In a graveyard he had wandered late at night, and there had pondered if it would be his fortune just to see a real ghost.

He was brave beyond all question. There had ne'er been a suggestion that the stories of his boldness were not made up of the truth; but, alas, his courage failed him when a rotten molar ailed him, for he didn't have the nerve to let a dentist pull his tooth!—New York World.

Algol, the Mystery of the Skies.

Algol, "the variable star of the constellation of Perseus," is regarded among astronomers as the greatest mystery of the heavens. Its light usually remains constant and uniform for a period of from 48 to 60 hours. It then commences to gradually fade from view, and in less than four hours diminishes to an insignificant point of light. After remaining in a state of semiobscuration for a period of time, varying from 15 to 30 minutes, it again regains its former brilliancy. Astronomers believe that some large dead and dark world revolves between us and Algol, but this is the disputed point, a mystery which will, in all probability, never be satisfactorily explained.—St. Louis Republic.

Names For Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Elizabeth was called Good Queen Bess by her friends and Bloody Bess by her enemies. She was also designated the Maiden Queen, the Queen of Virgins, the Untamed Heifer, Fortune's Empress, the Glory of Her Sex, the Miracle of Time, Astrea, Oriana, the True Diana, Gloriana and other names respectful and the contrary.—New York Advertiser.

Familiar.

Visitor—Will you tell your master that I called?

Servant—Yes, sir, if you will please tell me your name.

Visitor—That is unnecessary. He knows me quite well.—Wanderer.

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Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D Mahoney, R S, 1001 Lake av; J P Cunningham, F S; E O'McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month at 62 N Clark st, at 8 p m.

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Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 3750 S Ashland av; James Smallen, V P; James Brannegan, R S, 3020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

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Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 3314 Atlantic-st; P Molley, VP; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 343 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

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Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hagan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 4d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John O Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 558 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; D Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 523 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Mimgree, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Conway, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Fifty-first and Hibernian av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 539 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5744 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleason, Treas; Dr J A Hemmeter, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 37th st; R S, J V Cook, 762 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 432 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 448 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 681 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1068 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Kenanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 2229 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4726 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4256 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 218 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western aves.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 85 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelner, 103 22nd place; R S, Joseph Seliz, 184 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittsmith. Meet in chapel of St. Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 W 12th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Devine, 411 Elsewood av; F S, Henry Hasenvinz; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 128 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebrecht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lilling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 126 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 126 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 91 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 975 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Wesley av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 656 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson av.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 123 Hudson av; F S, Fred Kringy; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 229 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kleaka. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3200 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western ave.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 Albany av; F S, Joseph Sieber; T, Michael Boyle. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3722 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Tronsen, 1020 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T F Pratte, 3543 Archer av; F S, P DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer ave.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2291 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 228 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Muellea. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

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SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.50. OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.50

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60. OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80. OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metal, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50. OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2. GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50. OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75. OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75. OFFER No. 184.

No. 184 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED." LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a

Complete List of County, Legislative, and Congressional Candidates of the Several Parties in Cook County.

	REPUBLICAN.	DEMOCRATIC.	PEOPLE'S. (Uhlich Hall.)	POPULIST. (Bricklayers' Hall.)	PROHIBITION.	INDEPENDENT AMERICAN.
Sheriff	James Pease	Francis S. Peabody	John G. Ogden	Pehr W. Nilsson	Lloyd G. Spencer	R. M. Johnson
Treasurer	D. H. Kochersperger	Theodore Oehne	Joseph Schwerzgen	Theodore Oehne	Wayland W. Wait	S. M. Biddison
County Judge	Orrin N. Carter	Frank Scales	Jesse Cox	Frank Scales	Dana A. Mitchell	W. J. McMillan
County Clerk	Philip Knopf	Roger C. Sullivan	A. B. Adair	Roger C. Sullivan	John A. Kirkpatrick	J. A. Carlsteen
Judge of the Probate Court	C. C. Kohlsaat	F. H. Atwood	O. E. Leinen	F. H. Atwood	Isaac H. Pedrick	E. E. McMillan
Clerk of the Probate Court	A. O. Cooper	James J. Gray	Charles Dold	W. I. Howard	Samuel Young	A. Penz
Clerk of the Criminal Court	E. J. Magerstadt	J. C. Schubert	Daniel F. Gleason	Hans Peterson	William A. Kline	C. Reinach
County Superintendent of Schools	O. T. Bright	Charles F. Babcock	Homer Bevans	Charles F. Babcock	L. M. Wadhams	A. W. Slaught
County Commissioners—City	D. D. Healy	George Edmanson	D. M. Fulwiler	J. J. Finnegan	Edwin W. League	W. L. Abbott
" " "	G. Kunstman	J. A. O'Connell	John C. Harding	J. A. O'Connell	Fred W. Ewell	W. E. Servis
" " "	Thomas McNichols	Joseph Kostner	Thomas Dooley	Thomas McNichols	Clinton D. Zerbe	C. A. Storey
" " "	J. N. Cunning	Otto Hulsman	George Koop	Isaac C. Davis	Geo. K. Tompkins	F. O. Gerhardt
" " "	Louis H. Mack	Peter Kiolbassa	T. J. Elderkin	D. L. Bodette	Henry M. Baker	G. W. Cornell
" " "	J. A. Linn	A. C. McNeill	C. Lahayczak	David McBride	Charles J. Luther	George N. Morgan
" " "	C. Burmeister	Anton Martin	J. D. Merrien	Gus Anderson	William F. Kellett	W. R. Arn
" " "	John Ritter	Albert Ackerman	Jacob Selig	Thomas Heathcote	Andrew Levin	D. L. Raus
" " "	Dave Martin	Francis Agnew	William Sorenson	James J. Doyle	Chas. G. Peterson	M. J. Elms
" " "	T. W. Jones	Felix Lang	W. J. Danford	Nels Nelson	W. H. Cookingham	.....
County Commiss'rs—Country Towns	O. D. Allen	J. A. Burlingame	Peter Miller	.....	Jos. L. Whitlock	.....
" " "	J. M. Munn	F. Wentwick	G. S. Sawyer	.....	J. A. Hutchings	.....
" " "	Henry Bear	Michael S. New	F. L. Malmstedt	.....	James Craigmile	.....
" " "	George D. Unold	John Allis, Jr.	Henry Bessett	.....	John Hardwick	.....
Congress—First District	Geo. Struckman	A. W. Kistinbooker	C. H. Simpson	.....	A. A. Ellsworth	W. S. McComas
" —Second "	J. Frank Aldrich	Max Dembufsky	H. S. Taylor	George W. Geary	William H. Craig	.....
" —Third "	William Lorimer	J. J. Hannahan	John Z. White	J. J. Hannahan	I. W. Craumer	.....
" —Fourth "	H. R. Belknap	L. E. McGann	John B. Clarke	L. E. McGann	.....	.....
" —Fifth "	Charles Woodman	Timothy E. Ryan	P. J. Miniter	Timothy E. Ryan	J. Simington	J. W. Pickens
" —Sixth "	George E. White	Edward T. Noonan	Charles G. Dickson	Edward T. Noonan	Joseph Johnson	.....
" —Seventh "	Edward Cooke	Julius Goldzier	L. W. Rogers	James J. Linehan	Ira J. Mason	J. R. Strubel
State Legislature—Senate, 1st Dis't	George D. Foss	Louis Lange	Henry D. Lloyd	.....	Robert J. Mossop	.....
" " " 3d "	P. V. Fitzpatrick	Bryan Conway	W. H. Bond	.....	.....	John Harmon
" " " 5th "	Sidney McCloud	Edward Maher	R. Featherstone	.....	J. W. Nichols	J. Baydell
" " " 7th "	C. H. Crawford	.....	John W. Mackin	.....	F. C. Baird	.....
" " " 9th "	John Humphrey	George A. Weimer	P. W. Dunne	.....	H. A. Delano	.....
" " " 11th "	Peter Craigmile	William J. O'Brien	S. F. A. Saterlecki	Walter Carmody	.....	.....
" " " 13th "	Fred Lundin	William Peacock	W. F. Cooling	.....	.....	.....
" " " 15th "	Joseph Libal	J. P. Mahoney	William E. Burns	W. L. Eberling	.....	.....
" " " 17th "	John Morrison	James F. Gleason	Henry Rohn	Thomas Johnson	J. M. Bealman	William J. Busse
" " " 19th "	E. J. Dwyer	John Gaynor	J. M. Shea	Walter M. Groves	C. Heriestad	F. A. Kean
" " " 21st "	D. A. Campbell	Stanley H. Kunz	F. J. Nash	John W. Kinnare	Joseph E. Young	.....
" " " 23d "	C. M. Netterstrom	O. D. Swearingen	M. V. Britzius	Charles M. Smith	Henry Rieke	G. Sangberg
" " Represent's 1st Dis't	G. D. Anthony	John F. O'Malley	V. B. Williams	Edward W. Parlee	W. J. Candlish	.....
" " " " 2d Dis't	W. H. King	{Stephen D. May	Gus Wischman	Dr. F. T. McNamara	A. J. Wieklund	.....
" " " " 3d Dis't	William G. Laub	{John C. Sterchle		M. J. Butler		J. A. Insley
" " " " 4th Dis't	Rudolph Mulac	{Sherman P. Cody	Chris O'Brien	John Morgan	O. E. Whitcomb	John Harmon
" " " " 5th Dis't	O. L. Dudley	{Edw'd Herdlicka		.....	F. A. Luther	John Johnson
" " " " 6th Dis't	George W. Miller	Alex J. Jones	W. C. Walsh	.....	.....	.....
" " " " 7th Dis't	William C. Eakins	{Daniel F. Curley	John E. Murphy	.....	J. O. Mussenden	Leo J. Richardson
" " " " 9th Dis't	Frank Bishoff	{Henry O. Eirich		.....	.....	.....
" " " " 11th Dis't	{J. C. Buckner	Angelo S. Cella	{T. J. Kiernan	John C. Taylor	.....	E. H. Griggs
" " " " 13th Dis't	{M. H. Gibson	{Adam J. Weckler	{William Jones	.....	T. C. Martin	F. B. Scott
" " " " 15th Dis't	George M. Boyd	{Bern. J. Mahony	M. Rathgerber	.....	.....	John Moore
" " " " 17th Dis't	Isadore Piotke	Clayton E. Crafts	George C. Whipple	.....	T. J. Bolger	F. H. W. Tanke
" " " " 19th Dis't	{Wm. Thiemann	{Philip Steiner	W. G. Smith	.....	.....	.....
" " " " 21st Dis't	{R. H. Muir	{C. R. Walleck	C. A. Carson	.....	.....	.....
" " " " 23d Dis't	D. A. Shanahan	Joseph S. Schwab	P. Knickrehm	John J. Reilly	.....	.....
	{Ernst Schubert	{E. J. Novak		.....	David B. Carse	.....
	{M. G. Mauritzon	{H. P. Carmody	E. G. Bell	William Jones	.....	S. Albright
	J. P. Cavanagh	{Simon Shaffer	C. L. Heeg	James O'Connor	Thomas Puggard	.....
	.....	{John T. Fleming	A. G. Lyons	B. M. Mitchell	George H. Vallow	.....
	John Meyer	{William Jones	Christian Meier	.....	A. B. Renbell	.....
	W. F. McCarthy	{Ed Rohrig	C. F. Peterson	William H. Lyman	Gustave Myhrman	.....
	Albert Glade	William Burke				
	C. G. Johnston	{Jas. Fitzsimmons				
	S. B. Weston	{John J. Swenie				
	{Fred Busse	James H. Farrell				
	{D. J. Revell	{Wm. H. Lyman				
	A. J. Olsen	{Tom H. Cannon				
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